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Some
Dreams
Of a
California
Poet

W. W. Ayers

U.S.F.R.

Feb. 28. 19

PS 3501
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TRUE FRIENDSHIP

True friendship is a bond
That binds our hearts together
With golden chains of love
Which nought but death can sever;
A love, like Damon's, to the end,
Which welcomes death to save a friend.

Sincerely yours,

W. W. Ayers



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HIGHGROVE CALIFORNIA



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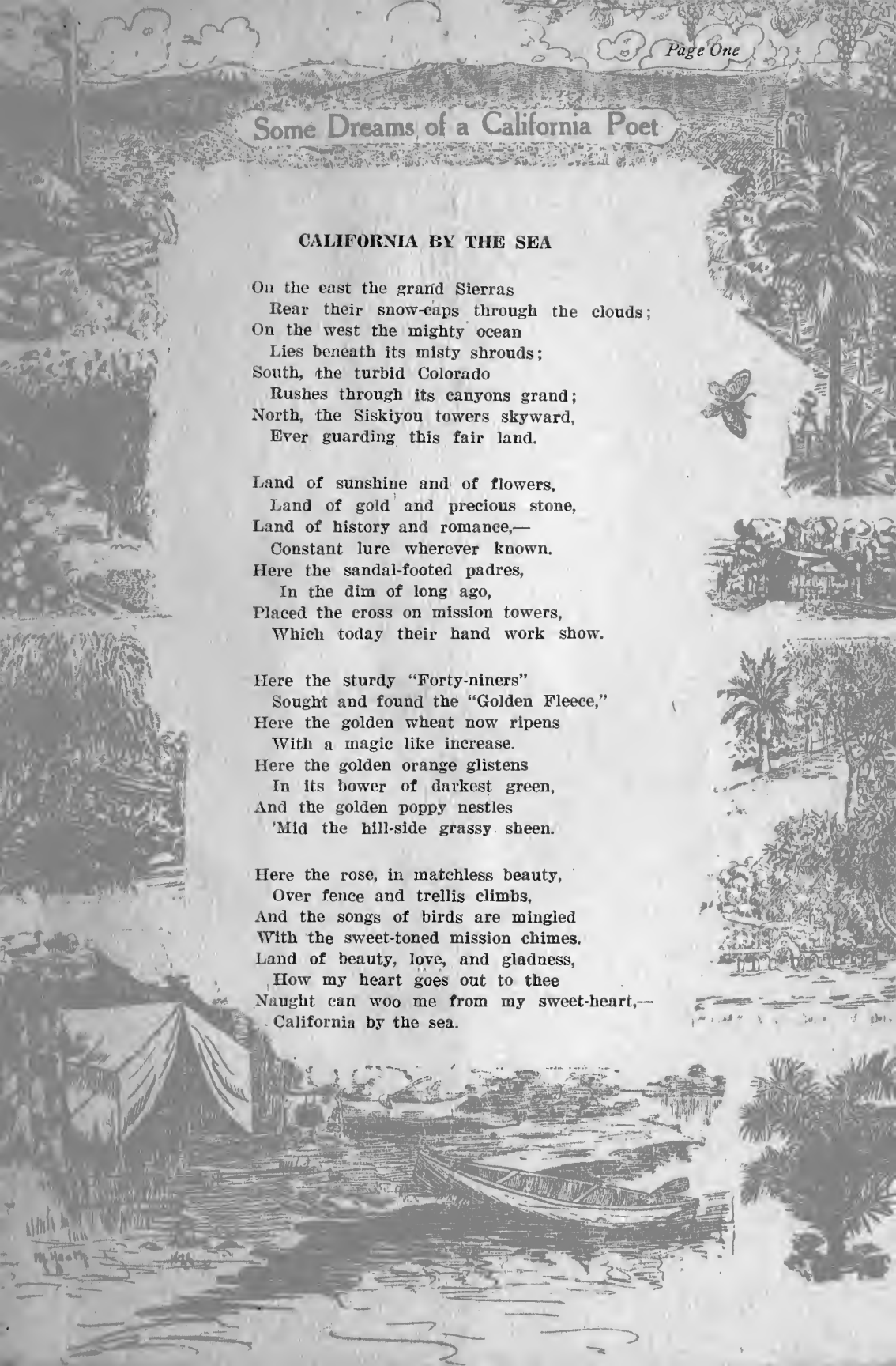
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Some Dreams of a California Poet

CALIFORNIA BY THE SEA



On the east the grand Sierras
Rear their snow-caps through the clouds;
On the west the mighty ocean
Lies beneath its misty shrouds;
South, the turbid Colorado
Rushes through its canyons grand;
North, the Siskiyou towers skyward,
Ever guarding this fair land.

Land of sunshine and of flowers,
Land of gold and precious stone,
Land of history and romance,—
Constant lure wherever known.
Here the sandal-footed padres,
In the dim of long ago,
Placed the cross on mission towers,
Which today their hand work show.

Here the sturdy "Forty-niners"
Sought and found the "Golden Fleece,"
Here the golden wheat now ripens
With a magic like increase.
Here the golden orange glistens
In its bower of darkest green,
And the golden poppy nestles
'Mid the hill-side grassy sheen.

Here the rose, in matchless beauty,
Over fence and trellis climbs,
And the songs of birds are mingled
With the sweet-toned mission chimes.
Land of beauty, love, and gladness,
How my heart goes out to thee
Naught can woo me from my sweet-heart,—
California by the sea.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

GOD REIGNS AND ALL IS WELL

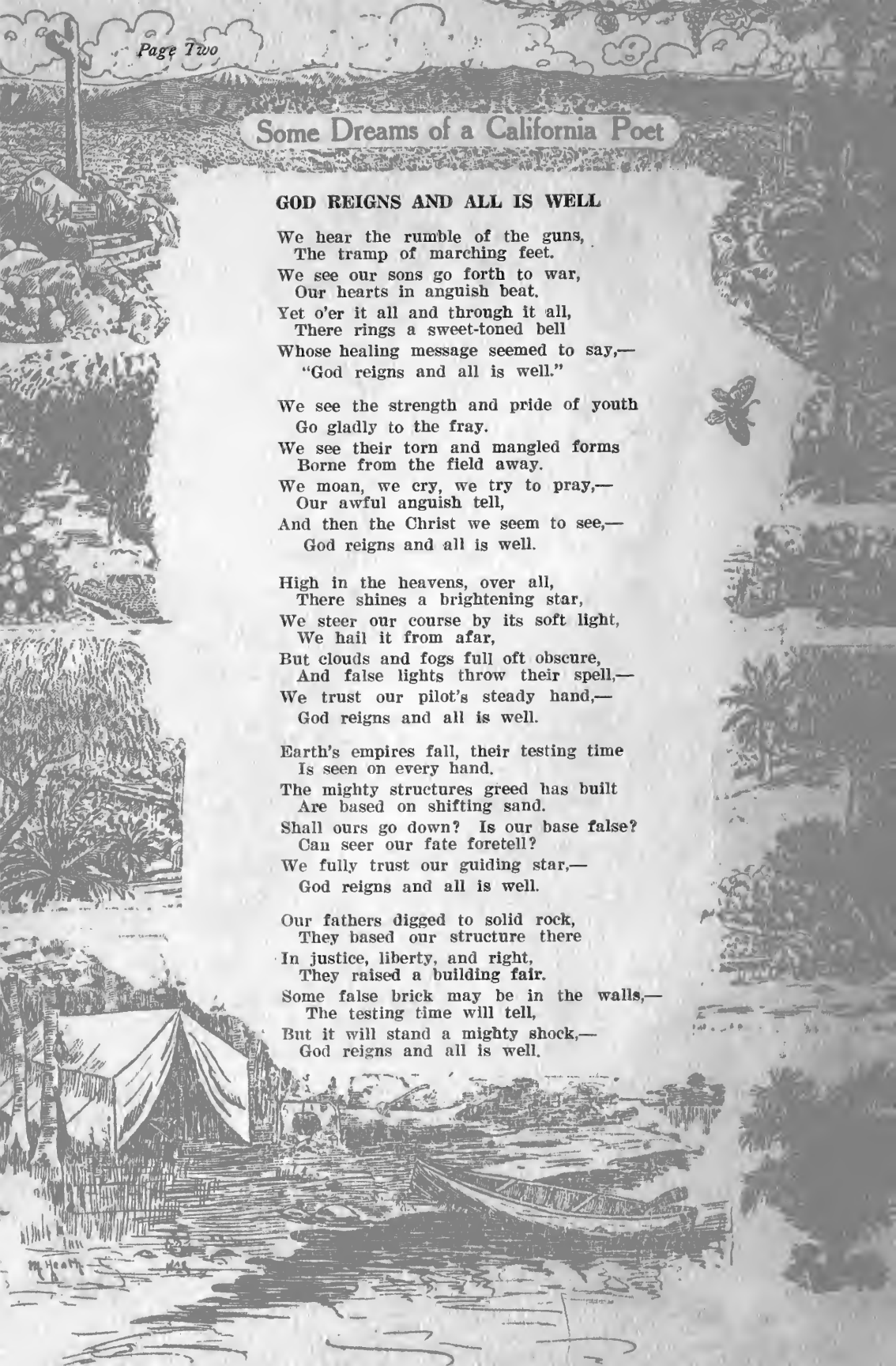
We hear the rumble of the guns,
The tramp of marching feet.
We see our sons go forth to war,
Our hearts in anguish beat.
Yet o'er it all and through it all,
There rings a sweet-toned bell
Whose healing message seemed to say,—
"God reigns and all is well."

We see the strength and pride of youth
Go gladly to the fray.
We see their torn and mangled forms
Borne from the field away.
We moan, we cry, we try to pray,—
Our awful anguish tell,
And then the Christ we seem to see,—
God reigns and all is well.

High in the heavens, over all,
There shines a brightening star,
We steer our course by its soft light,
We hail it from afar,
But clouds and fogs full oft obscure,
And false lights throw their spell,—
We trust our pilot's steady hand,—
God reigns and all is well.

Earth's empires fall, their testing time
Is seen on every hand.
The mighty structures greed has built
Are based on shifting sand.
Shall ours go down? Is our base false?
Can seer our fate foretell?
We fully trust our guiding star,—
God reigns and all is well.

Our fathers digged to solid rock,
They based our structure there
In justice, liberty, and right,
They raised a building fair.
Some false brick may be in the walls,—
The testing time will tell,
But it will stand a mighty shock,—
God reigns and all is well.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

Our sons now fight on foreign soil,
 In cause of sacred right.
 They fight for us and for our homes
 Against a tyrant's might.
 God strengthen them and strengthen all
 Who fight for hearth to dwell,
 For thou art just, they cannot fail,—
 God reigns and all is well.

The star shines bright, the day draws near,
 The clouds and fogs have fled,
 A song rings out and tyrants hear
 And flee away in dread.
 A world redeemed by martyr's blood,
 A place where free men dwell,
 Will be our children's heritage,—
 God reigns and all is well.

EASTER MORN ON MOUNT RUBIDOUX

I stood 'mid throngs one Easter morn upon Mount
 Rubidoux.

A solemn hush was over all, and voices murmured low.
 A huge rough cross, with arms outstretched, adorned the
 rugged height;

A soft grey mist the valley filled and almost blurred from
 sight.

Below, as through a veil, the "City Beautiful" was seen,
 And mission chimes came floating up, with notes sweet-
 toned, serene.

As morn advanced the mists arose, and o'er the lofty
 crest,

Where San Jacinto's snow-crow'd head against the clouds
 was pressed,

Aurora of exquisite sheen transformed the eastern sky,—
 The beauty of the sight so thrilled I scarce suppressed
 a cry,—

Then soon, in majesty supreme, the Sun himself appeared,
 And shot his fiery darts of light across vast spaces
 cleared.

The rays illumed the rock-strewn hill and lighted up the
 cross,

While multitudes beheld in awe, and felt a sacred loss.

'Twas then a hymn of praise arose upon the sun-bright
 air.

And scarce a soul in all that throng but offered up a
 prayer.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

ORANGE BOSSOM TIME

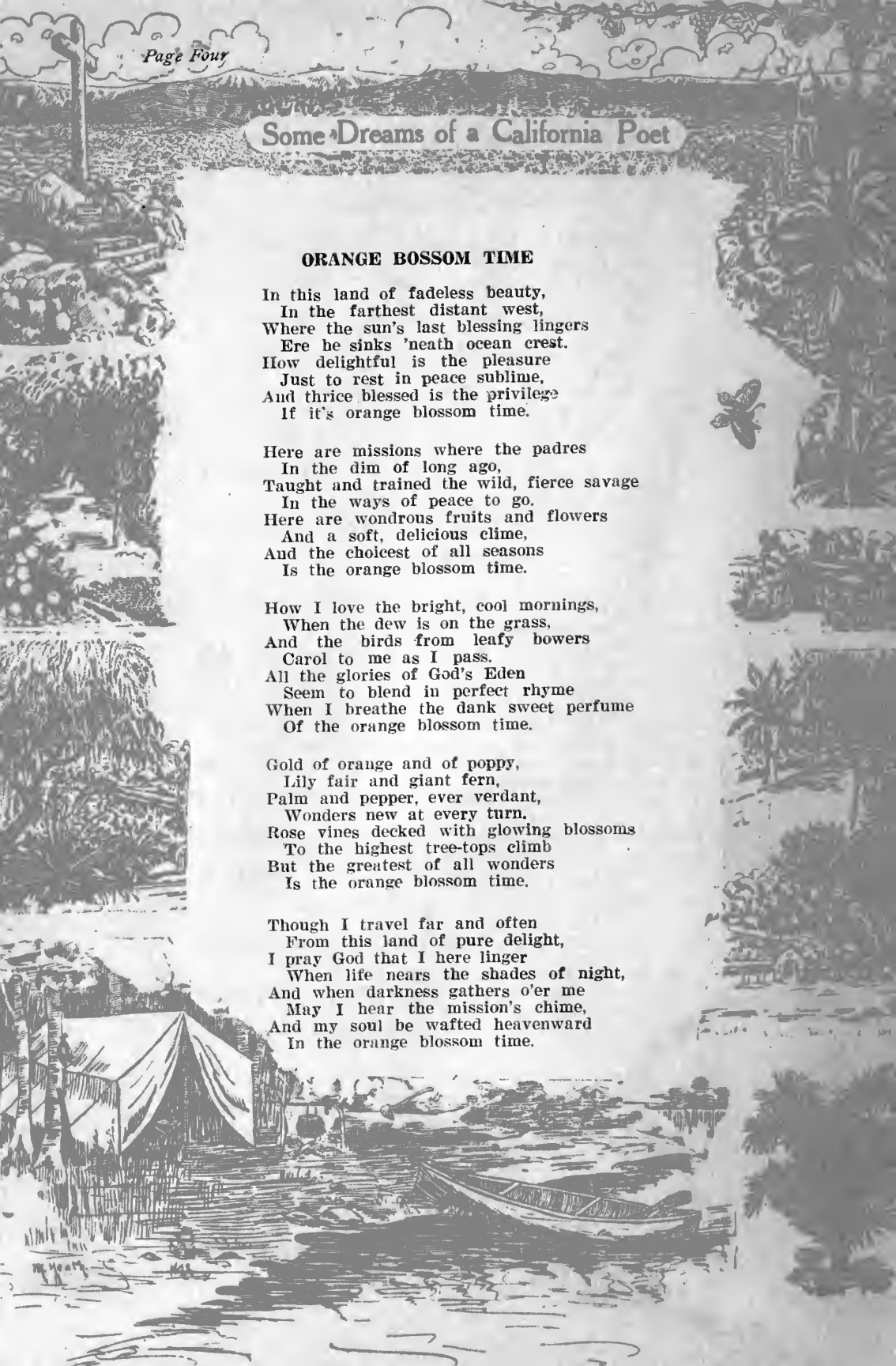
In this land of fadeless beauty,
In the farthest distant west,
Where the sun's last blessing lingers
Ere he sinks 'neath ocean crest.
How delightful is the pleasure
Just to rest in peace sublime,
And thrice blessed is the privilege
If it's orange blossom time.

Here are missions where the padres
In the dim of long ago,
Taught and trained the wild, fierce savage
In the ways of peace to go.
Here are wondrous fruits and flowers
And a soft, delicious clime,
And the choicest of all seasons
Is the orange blossom time.

How I love the bright, cool mornings,
When the dew is on the grass,
And the birds from leafy bowers
Carol to me as I pass.
All the glories of God's Eden
Seem to blend in perfect rhyme
When I breathe the dank sweet perfume
Of the orange blossom time.

Gold of orange and of poppy,
Lily fair and giant fern,
Palm and pepper, ever verdant,
Wonders new at every turn.
Rose vines decked with glowing blossoms
To the highest tree-tops climb
But the greatest of all wonders
Is the orange blossom time.

Though I travel far and often
From this land of pure delight,
I pray God that I here linger
When life nears the shades of night,
And when darkness gathers o'er me
May I hear the mission's chime,
And my soul be wafted heavenward
In the orange blossom time.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

MISS NANCY O'LEARY

Miss Nancy O'Leary was a maiden lone and dreary,—
 No beau had ever knocked upon her door.
 She lived on tarts and pickels, and she hoarded all her
 nickels,
 And each day grew thinner than the day before.

The extent of all her labors was to talk about her
 neighbors,
 And to scatter all the scandal that she found.
 No lie was so pernicious but to her it seemed delicious
 If she had the chance to spread the news around.

If a young man and his lady chanced to walk a pathway
 shady,
 And he slyly stole a kiss as they strayed,
 Nine to one old Nance O'Leary saw the act and true to
 theory
 Quickly from it awful scandal made.

One day a sweet-faced lady, with a Red Cross on her
 "shady"
 Rang the bell at Nance's parlor door.
 Old Nance made haste to open, for the one with this
 strange token
 Had not chanced to come her way before.

This lady with clear vision and divine and holy mission,
 Talked to Nance of all the good that she might do,—
 How she might make clothes for needy, how to work
 with fingers speedy
 To relieve the soldiers' suffering, too.

Old Nance became excited at the prospect that invited,
 And she worked as never did she work before.
 She forgot her frets and worries, quit her peddling of
 vile stories,
 And her labors made a large and goodly store.

Her war garden is delightful, she grows plump and far
 less spiteful,
 And, just as sure as you are born,
 I saw Judge Hastings there asparking, now won't there
 be some larking
 When the wedding bells peal sweetly some bright morn!

Some Dreams of a California Poet

AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?

The hour has struck, and gilded crowns from
fear-blanch'd brows are cast,
The jeweled scepters fall, and titled baubs
are swept before the fateful blast.
The age-long myth of "kings divine" is o'er,
And power to rule by chance of birth may
be no more.

But are we free because all this is done?
What is the boasted freedom we have won?
In years agone, when one king passed away,
And while the people mourned beside his
stricken clay,
The shout would oft arise and make the
welkin ring—
"Our lord, the king, is dead; long live the
king!"
And ere the candles ceased to burn beside
the dead king's bier,
A new king reigned, and all men paused his
mandates then to hear.

So now men pause amid the surging din of
falling empires,
And at once begin to question and anxiously
complain,—
"Who now shall be our king? Who now shall
reign?"
And selfish men are plotting here and there
To snatch the people's power, and right by
might declare.

Great lords of wealth, who loudly prate of
sins that Czardom brings,
And boldly preach Democracy, yet live like
titled kings,—
Are seeking to perpetuate their kingdoms and
renown,
And pass from father unto son an empire
without crown.
What matters it to you and me and all
humanity
If crown and scepter be taboo, or called
"Democracy"?
These lordly ones, who, like the swine, will
wallow in the trough,
Themselves o'er full, yet bound to keep the
weak from food enough,
Are types we scarce would like in lower
when czars and kings are done.
We must awake and fight still more
ere freedom's safely won.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

O, that mankind might sometime learn God's
simple, loving plan!
He made the earth a paradise and fruitful
home for man.
He gave the laws to govern it, so simple and
so plain,
A child might know and follow them with
never fear nor pain.
Yet, having ears, we have not heard, and hav-
ing eyes to see,
We've wandered on in darkness deep, a long
eternity.

The Christ endeavored once to bring us back
into the day.
We slew Him for His pains, and stumbled
on our way.
But yet—still yet—there is a hope, deep in the
souls of men,
That we may find a better way and all
earth's troubles end.
If we could only understand the love that
God has shown,
And, like the Christ, in SERVICE find a
recompense alone,
And if, instead of dictum which declares
that "only fit shall live,"
We change the rule and by our love make
all men fit to live,
We then need have no fear of those who
frame our country's laws,
For they, like us, will only live to serve
true freedom's cause

CHRISTMAS TIME AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Let those who will with rapture thrill
About the cold and snow,—
Of pleasures great to sleigh and skate
Where ice-filled blizzards blow.

Give me a Christmas, balmy, sweet,
With flower-scent in the air,
Where birds and bees and orange trees
Make up a vista fair.

Where snow-capped mountains tower above
The warm and fertile plain,—
Where winter's blast can never cast
His searing touch of pain.

This is the place where genii throw
Their fairy spells about you.
If here's your home desire to roam
Has no more power o'er you.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE NEW BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Our boys go forth to battle
With a step that's firm and true,
And the God of all the nations
Sees them pass in grand review;
They will never falter, never!
For they mean to see it through,
Ere they come marching home.

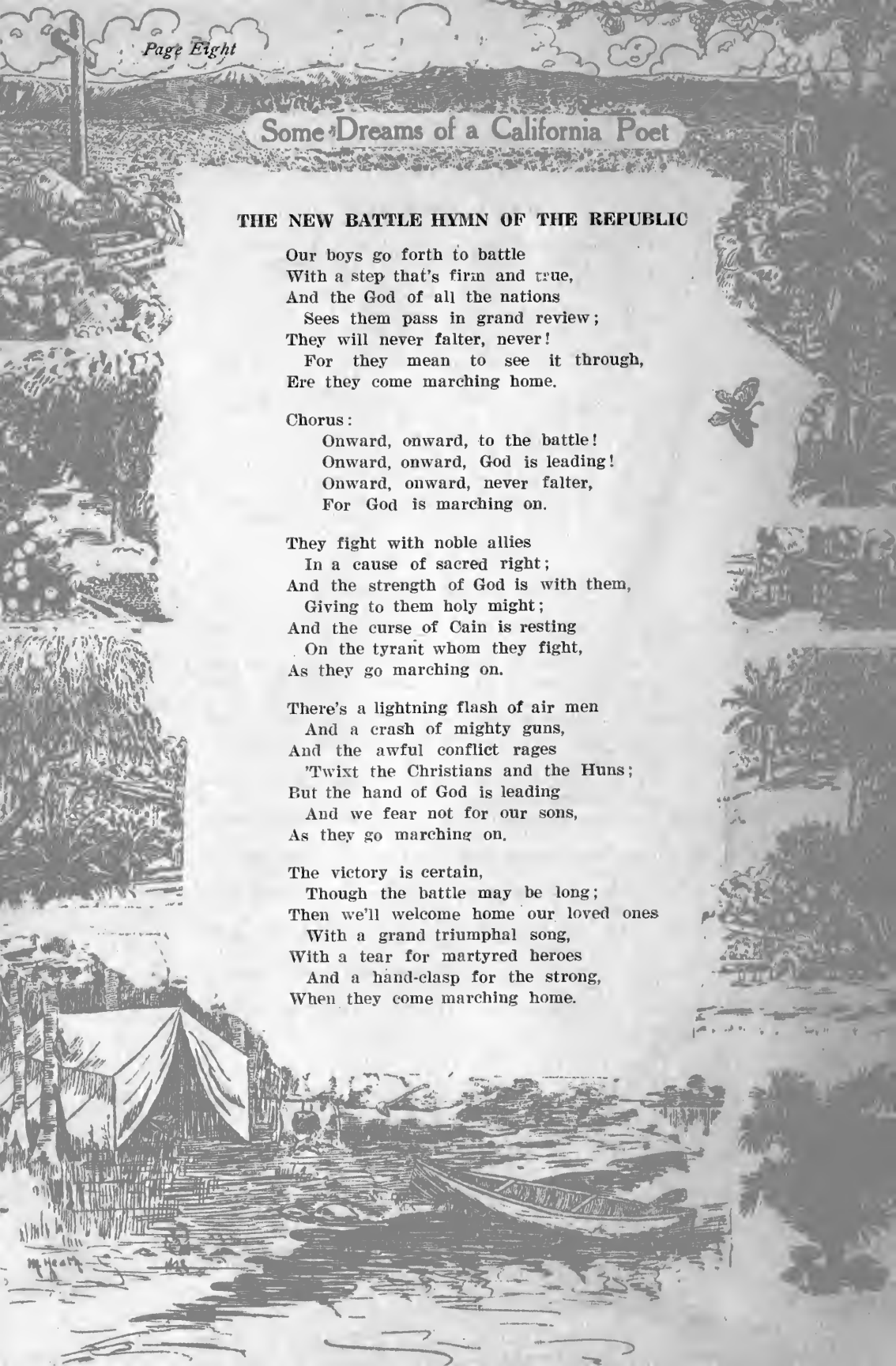
Chorus:

Onward, onward, to the battle!
Onward, onward, God is leading!
Onward, onward, never falter,
For God is marching on.

They fight with noble allies
In a cause of sacred right;
And the strength of God is with them,
Giving to them holy might;
And the curse of Cain is resting
On the tyrant whom they fight,
As they go marching on.

There's a lightning flash of air men
And a crash of mighty guns,
And the awful conflict rages
'Twixt the Christians and the Huns;
But the hand of God is leading
And we fear not for our sons,
As they go marching on.

The victory is certain,
Though the battle may be long;
Then we'll welcome home our loved ones
With a grand triumphal song,
With a tear for martyred heroes
And a hand-clasp for the strong,
When they come marching home.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

SPRING, BACK EAST

From out the sunny meadow, where the green
First shows the warming touch of Spring
While yet the air is crisp and cold,
And to the roof the ice-spears cling,—
There rings upon the morning air
A note so joyful, clear and sweet,
That, to the list'ning ear it seems
A fairy's trumpet, Spring to greet.

Our hearts are warmed, though cold the air,
For Meadow-lark is singing there.
His coat is warm, his heart is light,
And over all the sun is bright.
We know the Frost King's icy grip
Has lost its power,—his fingers slip,
And soon his scepter and his crown
Will deck Queen Spring, of emerald gown.

THERE SHALL BE PEACE

Our feet are trembling on the brink of wild and untrod
ways—

A new world greets us, and wonders thrill us as we gaze.
The past is dead, we do not deeply mourn, nor scarce
repine

For all the dross of hate, pain and sorrow left behind.
The Wise Men from far distant lands once more have
met;

Led by a guiding star they seek the Christ where
war's red sun has set;

And shall they find Him? Ay, the humble and the simple
folk

Have seen Him, mercy bent, on Flanders' fields, and as
He spoke

Of new and better things to be in the glad time that is
to come,

Their souls with holy rapture thrilled, although their
lips were dumb.

The whole world soon shall know and serve Him as
God's Son

And learn such truths as none have known since time
was first begun.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

OLD MAN WISE

There is a man in our small town
To wisdom much inclined,
And anything he doesn't know
Is very hard to find.

I asked him what the weather'd be
A day or so along,
He cocked his eye, and looked quite wise,
And answered quick and strong,—

"I'm very sure 'twill rain," quoth he,
Unless the wind should veer,
And if it does, I'm just as sure
The weather will be clear."

I asked him when to plant my "spuds,"—
In light or dark of moon,—
He said, "I give you sound advice,—
Don't plant them in the moon."

With trouble deep I went to him,
In a crisis of my life,—
I could not choose 'twixt fat or thin,
Or light or dark, a wife.

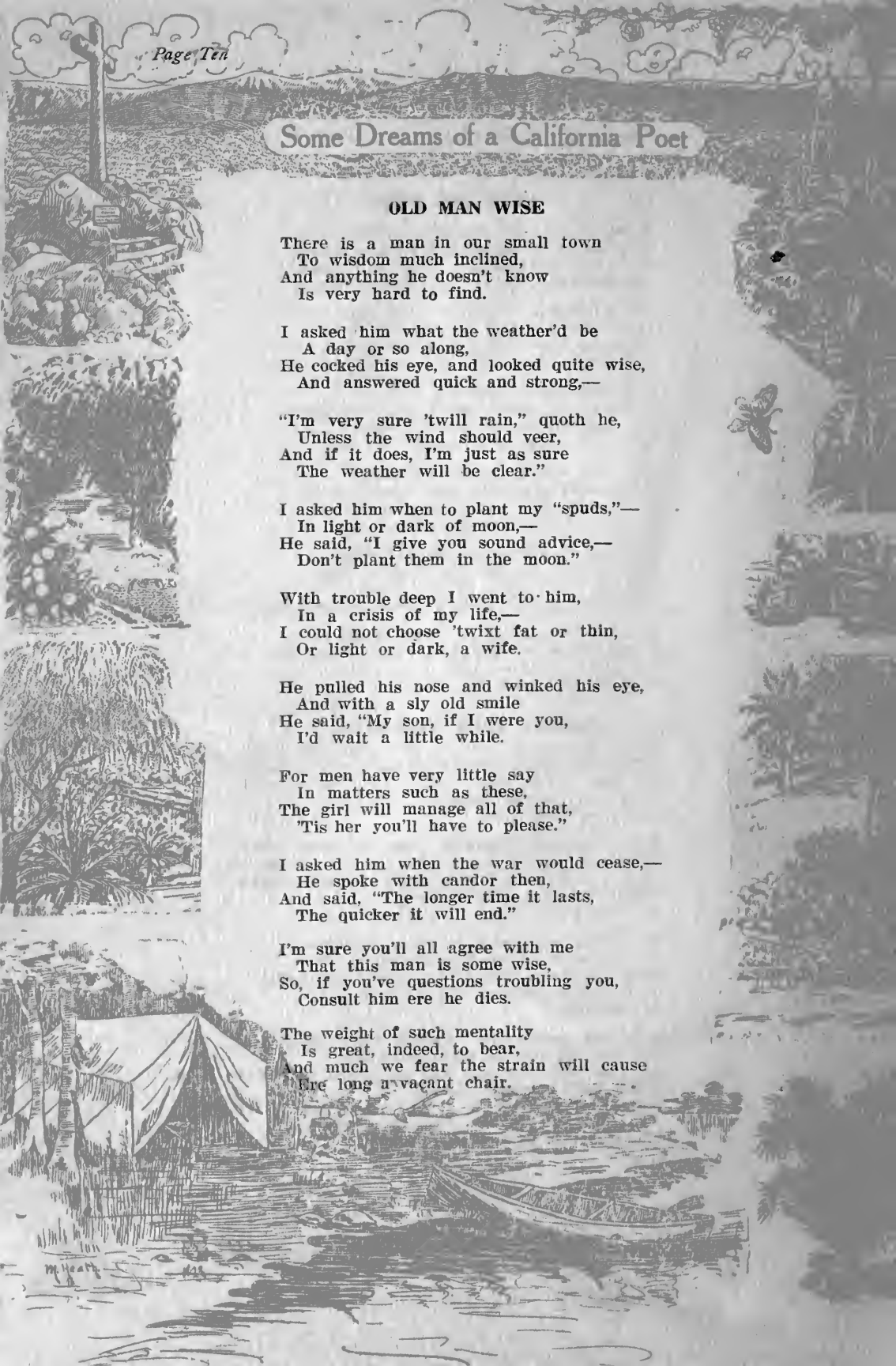
He pulled his nose and winked his eye,
And with a sly old smile
He said, "My son, if I were you,
I'd wait a little while.

For men have very little say
In matters such as these,
The girl will manage all of that,
'Tis her you'll have to please."

I asked him when the war would cease,—
He spoke with candor then,
And said, "The longer time it lasts,
The quicker it will end."

I'm sure you'll all agree with me
That this man is some wise,
So, if you've questions troubling you,
Consult him ere he dies.

The weight of such mentality
Is great, indeed, to bear,
And much we fear the strain will cause
Ere long a vacant chair.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hark! I hear the sound of bells!
In sweet-toned notes their cadence swells
Till earth and sky are filled with song,
And heavenly spheres the strains prolong.

'Tis Christmas time and once again
There shines a star of hope for men;
No cloud now hides it from the view,
But bright and clear, and strong and true,

It heralds once again the birth
Of him who brings sweet peace to earth,
And peoples, who have ne'er before
Beheld its light nor learned its lore.

Give heed to this bright orb above
Whose light proclaims that "God is love."
O, Glorious Orb! O, Beauteous Star!
O, Holy Christ, whose virtues are

So plain to all the world this night,—
Give comfort in this sad world's plight,
And let the healing of Thy touch
Bring strength to souls that need Thee much!

Ring, sweet-toned bells! Sing, angel choir!
Earth's dross has burned in war's fierce fire
And peace, so sweet now seems to be
That all men seek the Christ to see.

FORGET YOUR TROUBLES

What's the use o' whinin' when the wind blows cold?
What's the use o' frettin' cause you're growin' old?
See that other feller buckin' wind and weather—
Tough as rawhide leather—
And grow bold.

What's the use o' growlin' when the crops is bad?
What's the use o' swearin' at the luck you've had?
There's a Belgian family diggin' in quite manly
While the Huns spend grandly
All they had.

Meet each day a-smilin',—poor or rich,—
If you run a railroad or jest dig a ditch.
Keep old age a-humpin' by your lively jumpin',
Never get to grumpin'
At the switch.

Make the world some brighter while you're here;
Fill the other feller with your cheer;
All your little troubles will be turned to bubbles,
Filled with rainbow-doubles
Bright and clear.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

DON'T FORGET YOUR MOTHER

There's a light in the window tonight for thee,
O wandering boy, far out on life's sea.
A mother is praying this moment for you,
You must not disgrace her,—to honor be true.

Though subtle the wiles that Satan has cast,
'Round the life of a boy, one anchor holds fast,
'Tis the rope of Affection, whose strands closely knit,
Will hold through life's tempests, they cannot break it.

O boy with a mother, how blest is thy lot
To know, where e'er wandered, thou'rt never forgot!
Be brave and be kindly, and whatever you do,
Write home to your mother, she's anxious 'bout you.

OLD "BY-GEORGE"

"By-George," we called him up and down the old-time
countryside,

He was of lordly mien, and full of boastful pride;
His voice was resonant and strong,—intended to command,
He seemed to think the world should stop and hearken
his demand.

He breezed into the store one day where I and other clerks
Were selling groceries and shoes, dry-goods, hats, caps
and shirts,

And all the many other things found in a general store
That caters to the town and farm and meets their wants
galore.

He fixed me with his eagle eye, and in his lordly way
He said, "By-George, my lad, I think I'll buy some gro-
ceries today."

He forthwith ordered right and left, with no care for the
cost,—

A customer to glad the heart, with hope he'll ne'er be
lost.

The list was finally ended, the goods were piled and stacked
Secure within his wagon they all were safely packed.

I gently then suggested his pleasure 'bout the bill;

He slapped his hip and looked surprised, and said, "By-
George, Will

I left my pocket-book at home in my old working suit,
I'll pay this bill some other day, you bet your bottom
boot."

And so he went from place to place and bought goods
without pay,—

"By-George, my pocket book's at home," he never failed
to say.

He made it work for many a moon, and this I know
is true,

That what he promised then to pay has ever since been
due.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

A CHRISTMAS HOPE

Through the travail and pain of the Virgin
The Christ child was given the world,
And from Bethlehem's lowly manger
Was the banner of truth unfurled.

He taught with wisdom unequaled,
But the seed fell on hard, barren ground,
Till He moistened the soil with His life-blood,
And His head with sharp thorns had been crowned.

So today from the womb of affliction,
And up from the weltering clay,
There may come for the hope of the nations
A brighter and far better day.

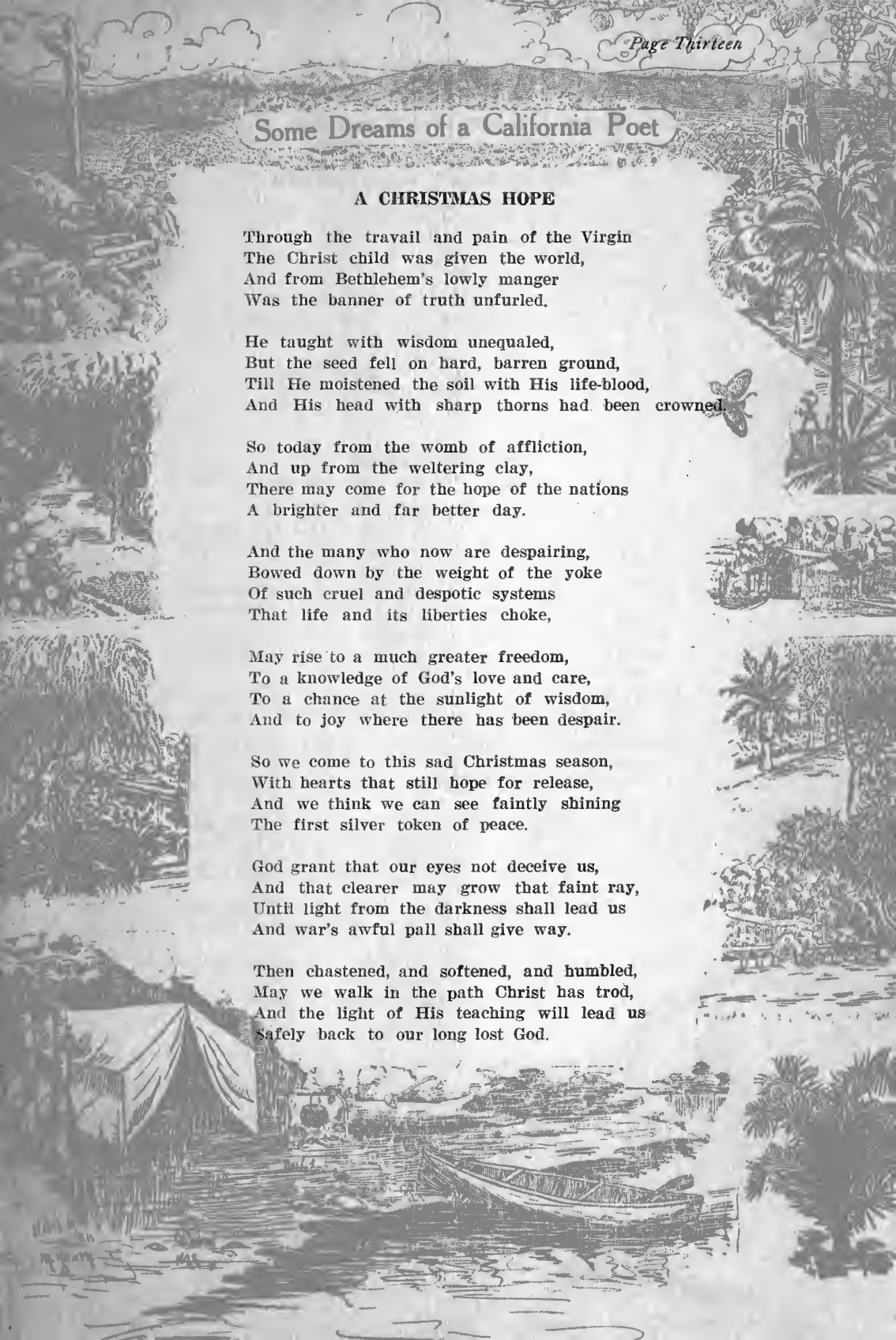
And the many who now are despairing,
Bowed down by the weight of the yoke
Of such cruel and despotic systems
That life and its liberties choke,

May rise to a much greater freedom,
To a knowledge of God's love and care,
To a chance at the sunlight of wisdom,
And to joy where there has been despair.

So we come to this sad Christmas season,
With hearts that still hope for release,
And we think we can see faintly shining
The first silver token of peace.

God grant that our eyes not deceive us,
And that clearer may grow that faint ray,
Until light from the darkness shall lead us
And war's awful pall shall give way.

Then chastened, and softened, and humbled,
May we walk in the path Christ has trod,
And the light of His teaching will lead us
Safely back to our long lost God.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

A SUMMER NIGHT IN CALIFORNIA

Softly o'er the landscape stealing,
Dimming hill and dale,
Darkling shadows of the evening
Spread their cooling veil.

Purple looms the western mountains
In the golden air;
Day and night are gently kissing
Each the other there.

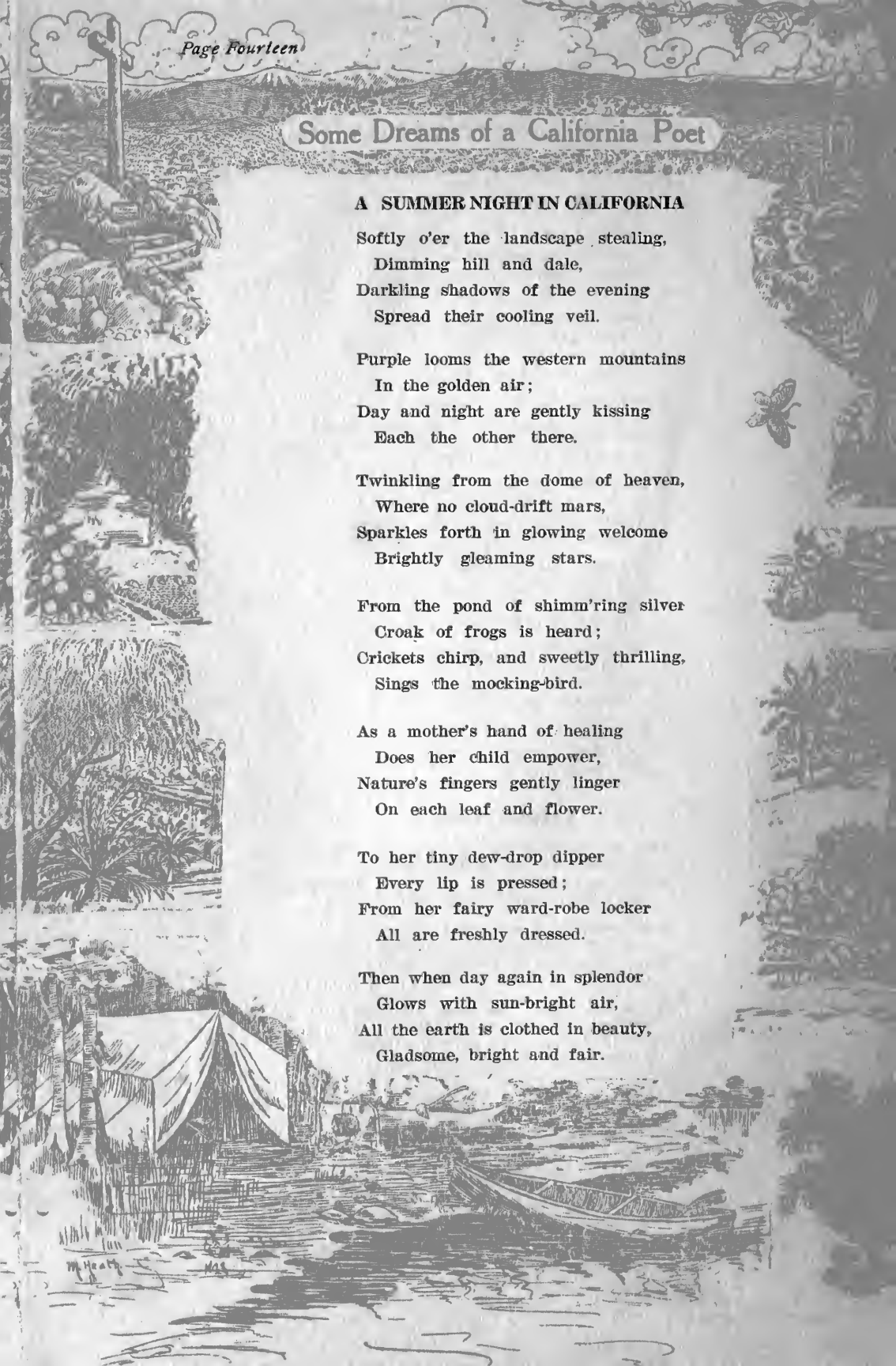
Twinkling from the dome of heaven,
Where no cloud-drift mars,
Sparkles forth in glowing welcome
Brightly gleaming stars.

From the pond of shimm'ring silver
Croak of frogs is heard;
Crickets chirp, and sweetly thrilling,
Sings the mocking-bird.

As a mother's hand of healing
Does her child empower,
Nature's fingers gently linger
On each leaf and flower.

To her tiny dew-drop dipper
Every lip is pressed;
From her fairy ward-robe locker
All are freshly dressed.

Then when day again in splendor
Glow with sun-bright air,
All the earth is clothed in beauty,
Gladsome, bright and fair.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE WEST'S BATTLE CRY

Freedom for all forever!
From out the far flung west.
The youngest of the nations
Proclaims this challenge-quest.

Freedom for all, forever!
The old world hears the tread
And thunder of the legions
New-born from freedom's bed.

Freedom for all, forever!
The kings of the East have pressed
Their somber lines of battle
Against the free-born West.

Freedom for all, forever!
The echo of that cry
Brings answering voices ringing
From earth, and sea, and sky.

Freedom for all, forever!
No power can still this call
Till tyrant's fetters shatter
And God reigns over all.

Freedom for all, forever!
The open word of God,
The love of Christ embodied
Where'er man's feet have trod.

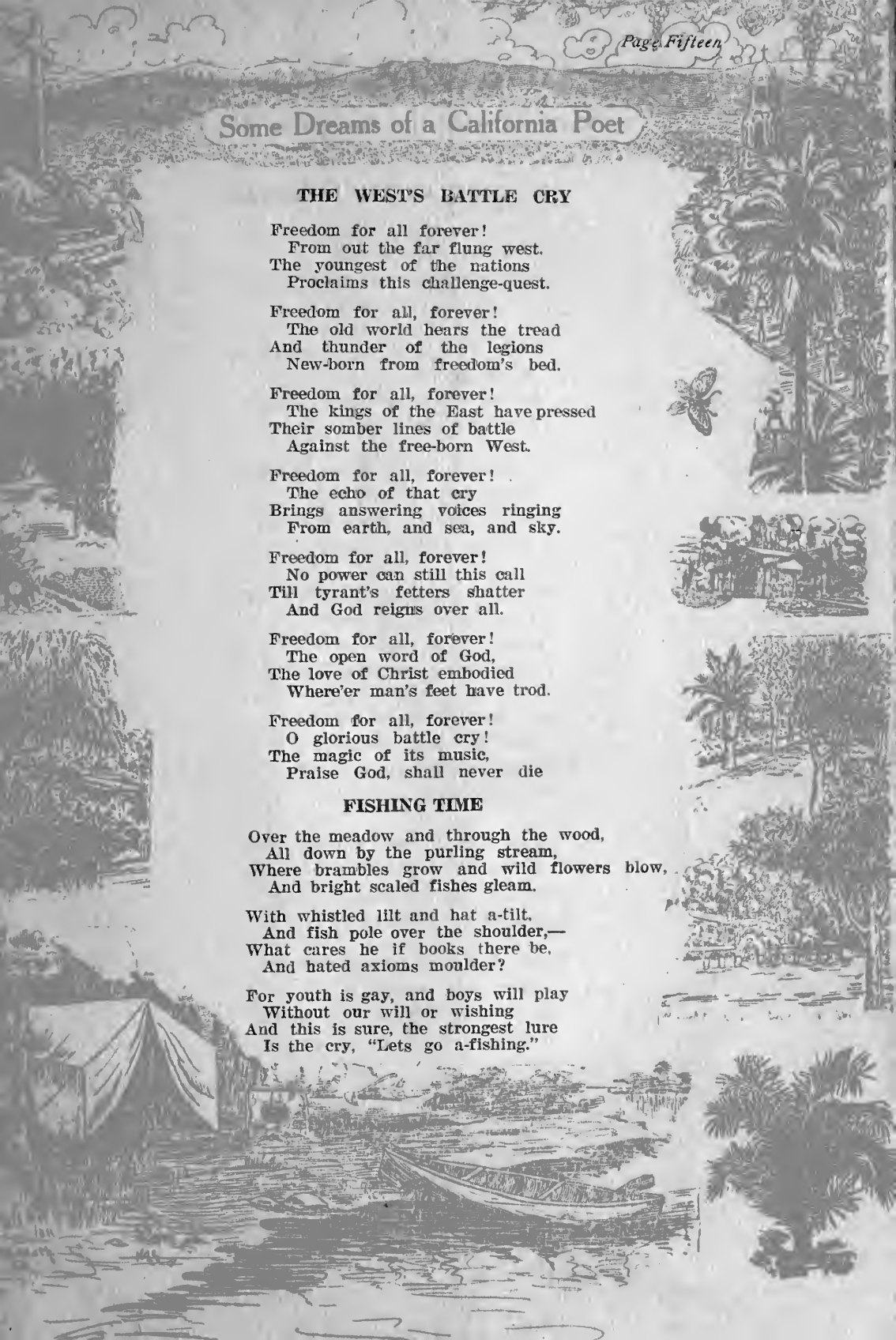
Freedom for all, forever!
O glorious battle cry!
The magic of its music,
Praise God, shall never die

FISHING TIME

Over the meadow and through the wood,
All down by the purling stream,
Where brambles grow and wild flowers blow,
And bright scaled fishes gleam.

With whistled lilt and hat a-tilt,
And fish pole over the shoulder,—
What cares he if books there be,
And hated axioms moulder?

For youth is gay, and boys will play
Without our will or wishing
And this is sure, the strongest lure
Is the cry, "Lets go a-fishing."



Some Dreams of a California Poet

WHAT IS THE CAUSE

(Written before the United States entered the great war)

My boy, and yours, are wanted now,—
There is a call for men
To form an army, brave and strong,
Our nation to defend.
But let us for a moment pause
Before we send them out,
And question, what shall be the cause,
And what 'tis all about.

Shall Europe's ghastly trenches drain
The life-blood of our sons?
Shall wars of greed, and quarrels of kings
Engulf our best loved ones?
An army for DEFENSE, ah, yes,
We'll gladly let them go,
And shed their blood, if needs must be,
'Gainst any foreign foe.
But, mark you well, no son of mine
Shall join your army grand,
To fight for kings on foreign soil,
And in an alien land!

If "Wall Street's" bloody gold all sinks
'Neath Europe's crimson flood,
It will not weigh one jot with me
Against my son's life-blood.

O nation mine! O loved country!
Thine honor's dear to me!
Let not a greedy few destroy
Thy noble destiny!
We'll live for thee! We'll die for thee!
We'll give to thee our sons,
To lift the flag in victory
'Gainst Kaiser, King or Huns;
But let us keep our honor bright,—
Be sure our cause is just,—
Then truly we can say to all,—
"In God we put our trust."

Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE PRESIDENT

A towering form he stands, with presence calm and vision clear,
The storms that dim the light for lesser men ne'er fill
his heart with fear.
He sees the calm beyond the storm,—a peaceful sunlit world,—
Ambition, hate, and selfish greed are from his presence hurled.
He points with that diviner sight that to the Christ was given,
To that bright day when earth may claim the foretaste
joys of heaven.
The weary war-worn nations, all, lift helpless hands to him,
God grant no evil power may harm, nor cloud his vision dim!
We are too near his person now to gain a proper view,
But ages hence his fame will stand secure in virtues true.
Stand firm America, today behind this leader sent,
And let each loyal heart exclaim,—“God bless our President!”

A MOTHER'S SORROW

I knelt alone with my dear one
Close down by the river side.
The Pilot stood there a-waiting
The turn of the outward tide.

I kissed the brow of my darling,—
My joy, my pride, my best,—
In sorrow too deep for sobbing
I pressed him to my breast.

O Pilot, why do you take him?
So young, so manly, so strong,
Take me, O Pilot, I pray thee!
Thou surely canst take me along?

But the Pilot sadly beckoned
And out with the flowing tide
Drifted the boat with my loved one,
The Pilot stood close by his side.

My heart is heavy within me,
It seems in my breast a stone.
How can I face a tomorrow,
When tomorrow will find me alone?

O God, give balm for my heartache!
Give solace for infinite pain!
Give hope, that in Heavens bright morning,
I'll find all my lost ones again.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN

Hark! there's music in the air,
Thrilling, singing everywhere!
Suns and worlds join the refrain,
Angel's voices blend the strain.

See! o'er Bethlehem's verdant slope
Shines a star,—the star of hope.
Shepherds guarding flocks by night,
See this star of luster bright.

Clearer now the angels' song
On the breeze is borne along,—
"Glory in the highest"! then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

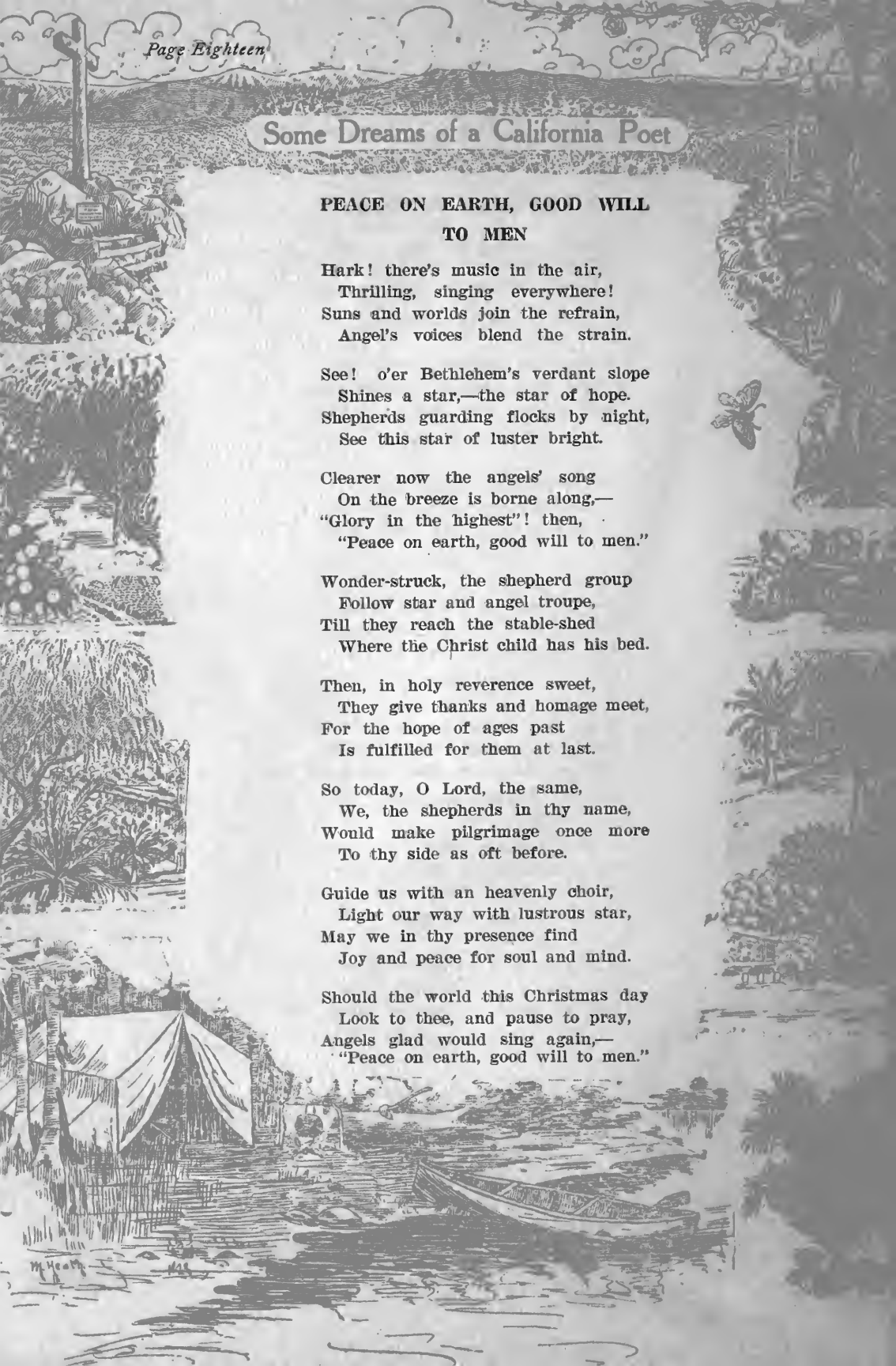
Wonder-struck, the shepherd group
Follow star and angel troupe,
Till they reach the stable-shed
Where the Christ child has his bed.

Then, in holy reverence sweet,
They give thanks and homage meet,
For the hope of ages past
Is fulfilled for them at last.

So today, O Lord, the same,
We, the shepherds in thy name,
Would make pilgrimage once more
To thy side as oft before.

Guide us with an heavenly choir,
Light our way with lustrous star,
May we in thy presence find
Joy and peace for soul and mind.

Should the world this Christmas day
Look to thee, and pause to pray,
Angels glad would sing again,—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."



Some Dreams of a California Poet

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

There's a touch of win'try clime
In the hand of Father Time
As the bells in birthday chime

Ring again.

Though his fingers as they play
Leave their touch of silv'ry gray,
Still no one, dear heart, can say

'Tis not best.

For with every silver tress
Love and peace its coming bless,
At thy heart no fear doth press

Nor despair.

For thy life in goodness spent,
For thy faith and patience blent,
For thy heart, in trial content

With thy lot;

Time now brings a sweeter calm,
And each year like healing balm,
Like a voice from whisp'ring palm

Bids thee rest

O that I when years have flown,
When my step has falt'ring grown
When I stand almost alone,

Like as thou,

May I have thy faith to shine,
May good deeds my heart incline,
May my heart be pure as thine,

Is my prayer.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

CAN WE BE GLAD?

Can we be glad this Christmas day
When from our homes have gone away
So many of the young and gay?
Can we be glad this Christmas day?

Can we be glad this Christmas day
When mothers drop a tear and pray.
When father's hearts are filled with gray,
Can we be glad this Christmas day?

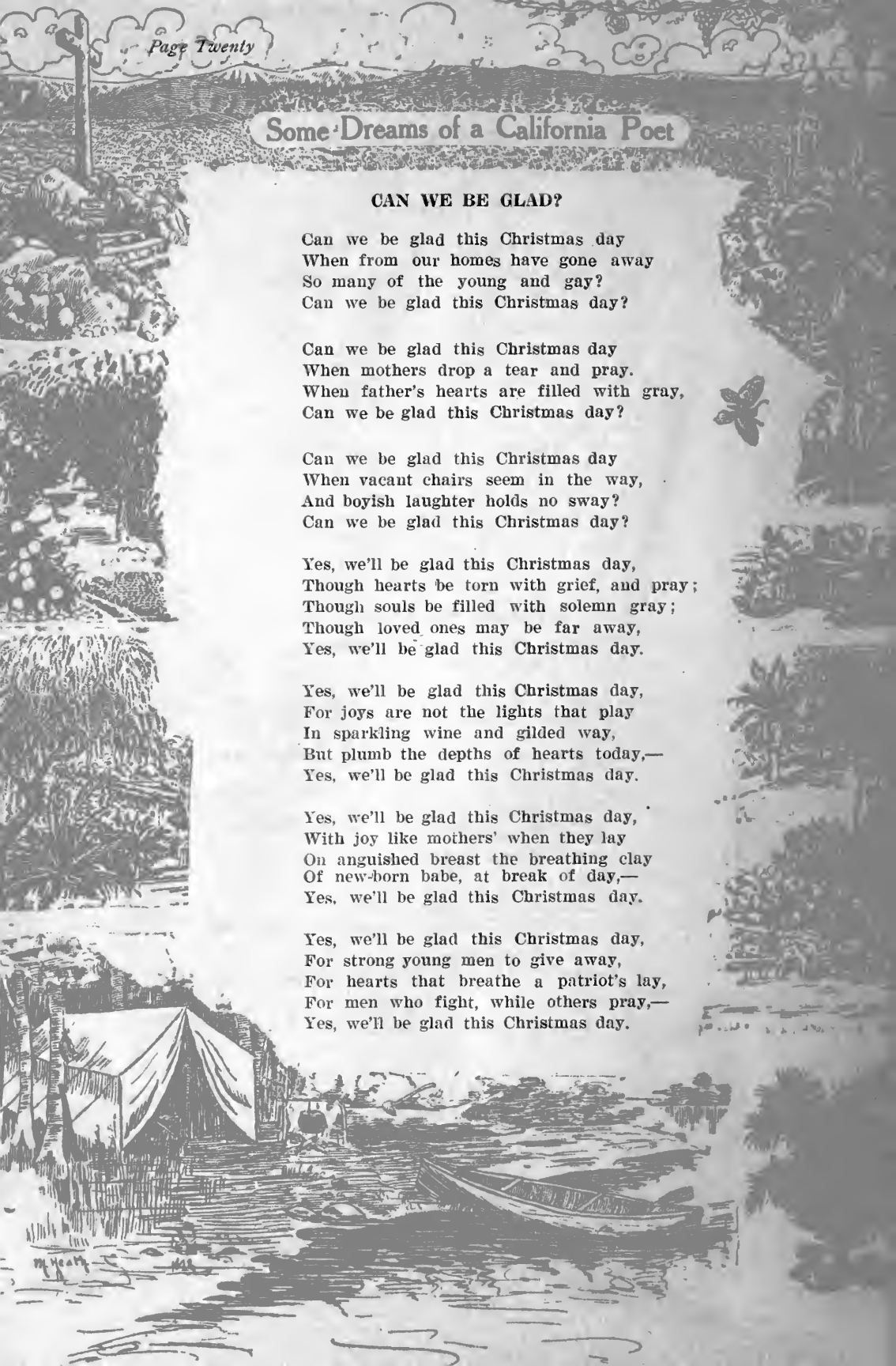
Can we be glad this Christmas day
When vacant chairs seem in the way,
And boyish laughter holds no sway?
Can we be glad this Christmas day?

Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day,
Though hearts be torn with grief, and pray;
Though souls be filled with solemn gray;
Though loved ones may be far away,
Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day.

Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day,
For joys are not the lights that play
In sparkling wine and gilded way,
But plumb the depths of hearts today,—
Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day.

Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day,
With joy like mothers' when they lay
On anguished breast the breathing clay
Of new-born babe, at break of day,—
Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day.

Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day,
For strong young men to give away,
For hearts that breathe a patriot's lay,
For men who fight, while others pray,—
Yes, we'll be glad this Christmas day.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

GOD'S SCHOOL

To the lover of nature and lover of God
The earth opens magical arms,—
She shows him her secrets, and all he beholds
Is filled with an interest that charms.

The rose and the leaf, the rock and the clod,
Each fill him with joy and amaze,
The birds and the bees and creatures of earth
Are marvels which call for his praise.

To the lover of nature and lover of God
This earth is a wonderful place,
'Tis a school for advancement, where the diligent may
Be privileged to look on God's face.

For God is about us, above and below,
His love is abroad everywhere,
And happy the man who seeks for His will,
And trusts all his life to His care.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

(Written July 31, 1914, before the beginning of the
great world war.)

All Europe trembles 'neath the tread of marching feet;
The clank of sword and spur and din of marshal music
fill the air;

A sad and fearful murmur rises from the troubled earth,
And heaven seems black to hearts in dire despair.

What means this awful, grim display of serried ranks in
untold numbers marshalling now?

Is God preparing for that day when sinful man before
His throne must bow?

O God, thy righteous wrath delay!

For this we pray.

Almost two thousand years have passed
Since Christ, the lowly Nazarine, walked here upon the
earth.

He taught with wisdom unsurpassed
The laws that give diviner birth to all that human hearts
aspire,—

Of love, and truth, and pure desire.
How poorly we have learned of Thee,
Thou pierced One of Calvary!

Some Dreams of a California Poet

Men slew the Christ, they'd slay Him now,
With all the light of years to glean,
For selfishness and man-made creed full strong as they
were then, are seen,
And justice, blinded by the glare of golden idols does
declare

Against the right of men.

Shall God, of righteous judgment, still withhold His hand?

O God, we pray,

Do Thou delay!

Full many men with bursting chests of gold, purchased
at the price of thousands slain with toil and strife
unbearable,

Are seeking now to purchase peace,—

As though their gold could purchase aught that is de-
sirable,—

These long for peace that none may snatch their stolen
gains away,

But peace they've never had, and never may.

O God, in mercy spare us yet!

Thy precepts still may we accept!

If 'tis Thy will, Almighty God,

To scourge the earth with fire and sword,

O grant Thy mercy's quick return,

And chasten not unto the end of all the world,

But spare, O spare Thy seed, O God!

That chastened, they may quickly learn Thy blest com-
mand.

And living then, in love and truth,

A nobler people may arise and populate the land

Then will the earth in fulness blow,

And righteousness to fruitage grow,

On every hand.

O God, we pray,

Hear us this day,

Through Christ, Amen!

Some Dreams of a California Poet

RESURRECTION MORN

"Come forth!" An angel speaks with gentle, firm command.
The mighty stone is rolled away as by a magic hand.
The Christ comes forth, a glorious form, all pain and
sorrow passed,
His word proved true, fruition seen for mankind's hope
at last,

A miracle! A miracle! We cry in ecstacy,
We marvel much, and scarce believe that it can truly be.
Why marvel we? Why doubt we thus? on every hand
we find
The truth made plain and life renewed in miracles of
kind.

An angel speaks to stark bare trees, a million graves
burst ope,
And bud and leaf and full-blown flower prove resurrec-
tion's hope.
An angel speaks, from brown cold sod springs life in
myriad forms,
A resurrection miracle wherever God's sun warms.

An angel speaks, the stone of sin is rolled from many a
heart,
In joyful freedom walk we forth with Christ to have a
part.
An angel speaks, a young child's cry is for the first time
heard,
From out the womb's dark tomb there comes fulfillment
of Christ's word.

An angel speaks, and nations heed that ne'er before gave
ear,
And great and small, o'er all the world, the joyful message
bear.
An angel speaks, the stone of doubt is rolled from mortal
mind,
And Resurrection morn has dawned for all of human kind.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

I thought to sing you a song, dear hearts,—
To you who have battled so well
Mid the stress and strife of long long life
Full fifty years as man and wife,
Till the evening shadows dwell,

I thought to sing of the winter of life,
And the glorious sunset glow,
But instead I sing of the springtime fair
Of budding flowers and perfumed air,
And not of drifting snow.

For the winter of life to such as thou
Can never be cold and bleak,
But the birds will sing and the flowers still cling,
And the winter time be fair as spring
Till your peaceful rest ye seek.

And the golden hours of this golden day
A golden chain shall make,
To bind us all, both large and small,
In bonds of love that cannot fall
Till heaven's glories wake.

ALMOND BLOSSOMING TIME AT BANNING, CAL

Did you ever see the beauty in the sunset's afterglow?
Or the sparkling, dazzling radiance of a sunrise o'er the snow?

Both these glories are united in one grand and brilliant show,
Up at Banning, in the springtime, when the almond orchards blow.

Very early in the springtime, ere the wild flower shows its head,
And all other nut and fruit trees are quite stark and seem quite dead,
Then the sturdy almond blossoms with a bright and beauteous glow,—
Glorious Banning! In the springtime, when the almond orchards blow.

Old "Jack Frost" seeks to destroy them, but they laugh him quick to scorn,
And his ice-spears change to dewdrops in the rosy-tinted morn.
If you seek relief from trouble and the fret of care below,
Take a trip right up to Banning while the almond orchards blow.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

OUR HERITAGE

What is your heritage, my boy,
Whose laughing eyes are full of joy,—
What heritage have you, I pray,
In free America today?

I have a heritage of joy,
The free life of a healthy boy,
The chance to study in the schools
Where poor and rich obey the rules.

What heritage have you, young man,
Whose active brain can think and plan,—
What heritage in this free land
For your quick brain and active hand?

I have a heritage of life,
Free from all caste that deadens strife,—
The greatest in our land today
Came from the ranks of common clay.

What heritage have you, young maid,
Who lift your head so unafraid,—
What heritage is yours today
In this free land for which we pray?

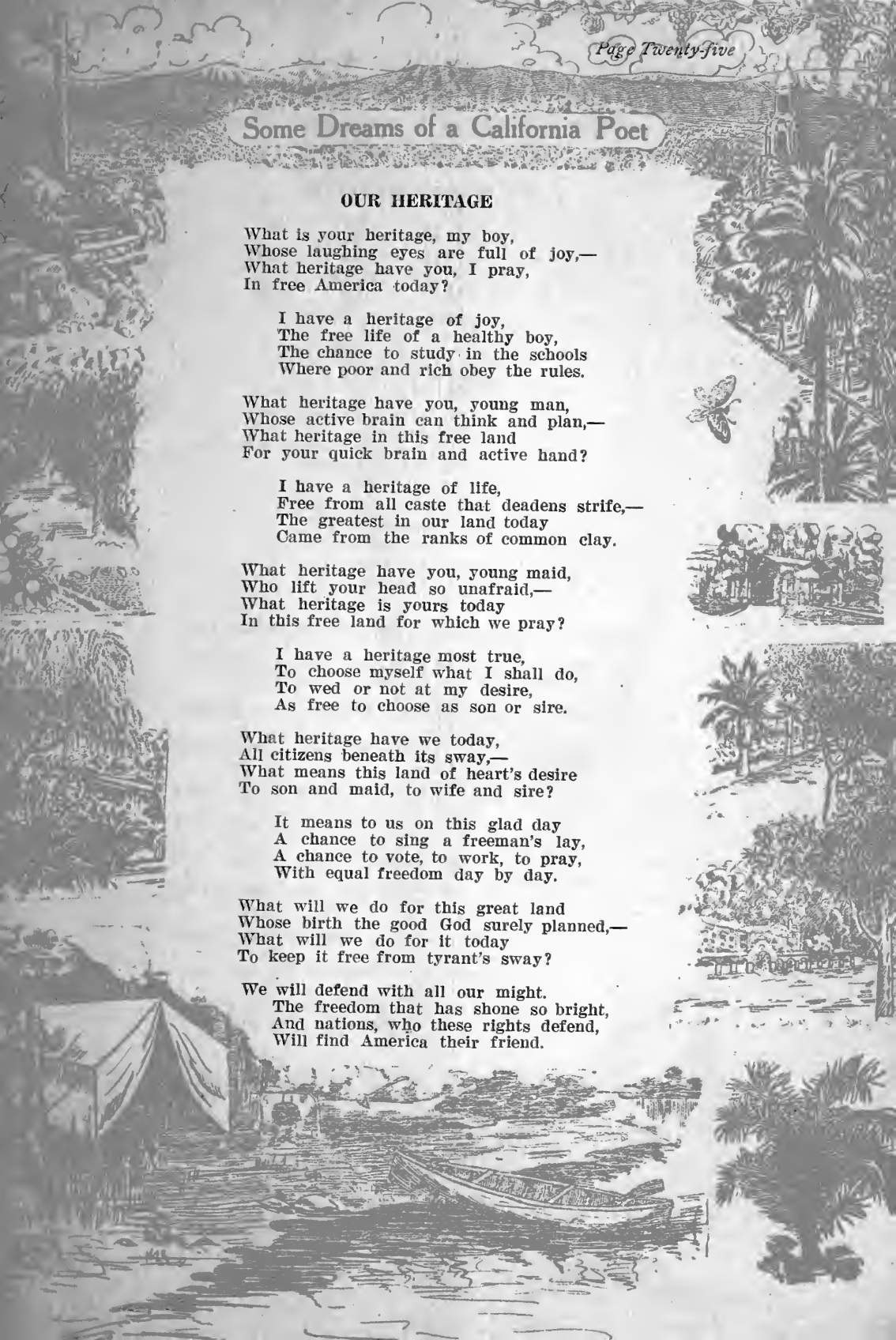
I have a heritage most true,
To choose myself what I shall do,
To wed or not at my desire,
As free to choose as son or sire.

What heritage have we today,
All citizens beneath its sway,—
What means this land of heart's desire
To son and maid, to wife and sire?

It means to us on this glad day
A chance to sing a freeman's lay,
A chance to vote, to work, to pray,
With equal freedom day by day.

What will we do for this great land
Whose birth the good God surely planned,—
What will we do for it today
To keep it free from tyrant's sway?

We will defend with all our might,
The freedom that has shone so bright,
And nations, who these rights defend,
Will find America their friend.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

AMERICA IS NOW AWAKE

A transport sunk! A transport sunk!
the flaming headlines stare,
And fairly shout the startling words
from news-sheets everywhere.
Full many an anxious mother's heart
is torn with throbbing pain,
And many a father fears his boy
will ne'er come home again.

The war is here. Our country feels
the stinging touch of pain,
And, rousing as from slumber, sees
her own, her best loved, slain.
She sleeps no more, too many hours
have hurried heedless by
Ere she was roused to action
by her own dear children's cry.

To arms! To arms! The stirring call
is heard on every hand
And answering to the summons spring
the manhood of the land,
While women, ever brave,
with word and active deed,
Are quick to toil and serve
that none may suffer need.

And now today, from city, town and vale,
from sea to sea,
The teeming millions of her free-born sons
their duty see.
And ill the fate of that proud, haughty, land
which dares defy
The wrath of roused America
when she hears her children cry.

The foe we fight is one to test
our nation's strongest will.
His legions have been trained for years,
with most satanic skill.
But this is true, "Thrice armed is he,
who knows his cause is just."
Believing this, we gird the sword,
and place in God our trust.
And ye, whose bodies calmly sleep,
beneath the ocean wave,
Whose spirits, free, need never fear
the serfdom of the slave,—
Shall lead us on, and in the battle's
fiercest strife
We'll hear your voices cheering us,
and, hearing, take new life.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

Great victory will surely crown
 our armies' bold advance,
 And he who sought to rule the world
 will hold a broken lance,
 Then, lowly, humbled in the dust,
 this truth he'll find,—
 Though great may be the conqueror's name,
 'tis greater to be kind.

TO HOMER STEPHENSON ON HIS 72nd BIRTHDAY MARCH 27th, 1916

The sands are swiftly flowing
 Through the hour-glass of life's day.
 Another golden grain has dropped,
 A year has sped away.

Like burnished gold, refined by fire,
 Like gems more precious still,
 The grains are growing scarce above,
 The lower glass to fill.

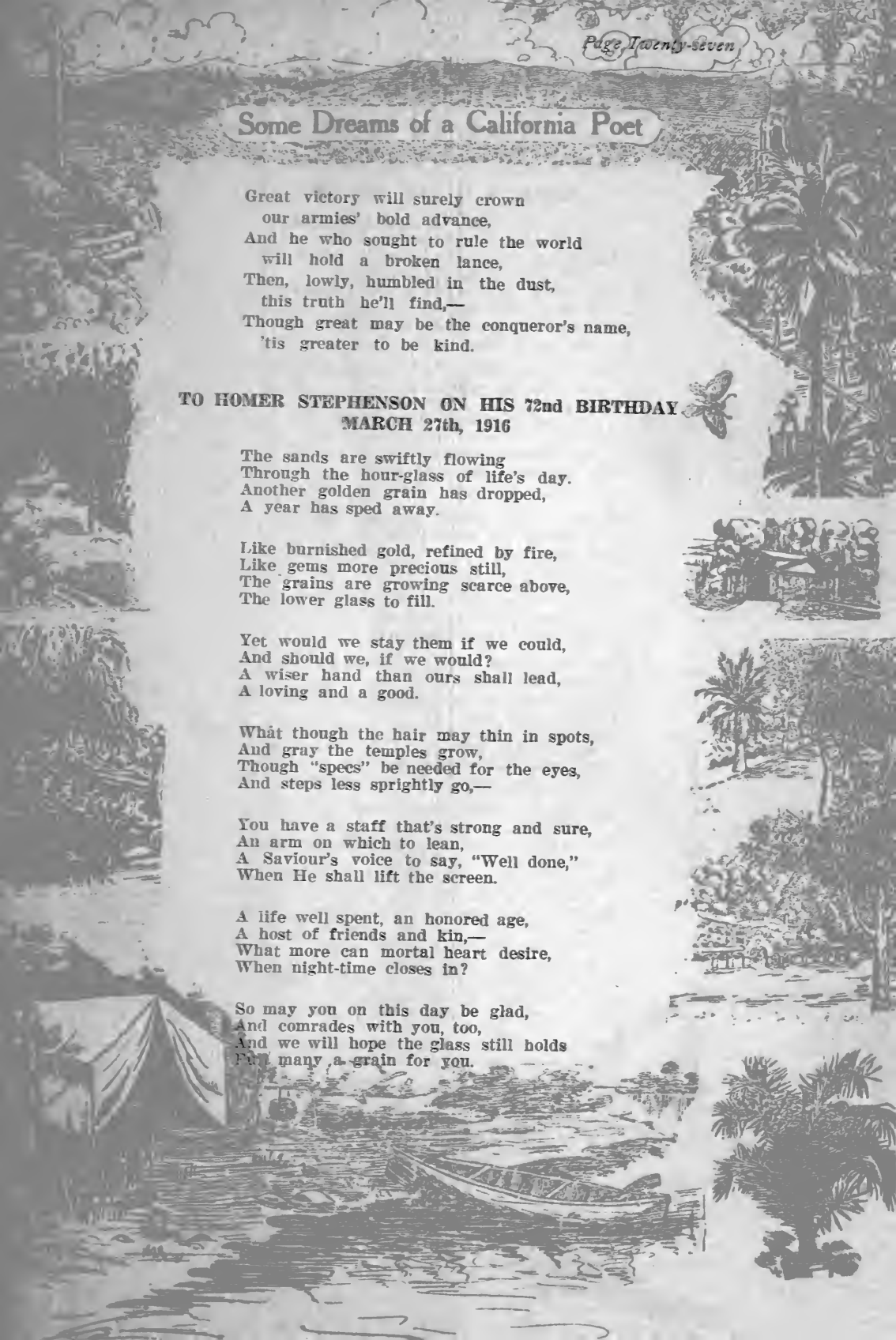
Yet would we stay them if we could,
 And should we, if we would?
 A wiser hand than ours shall lead,
 A loving and a good.

What though the hair may thin in spots,
 And gray the temples grow,
 Though "specs" be needed for the eyes,
 And steps less sprightly go,—

You have a staff that's strong and sure,
 An arm on which to lean,
 A Saviour's voice to say, "Well done,"
 When He shall lift the screen.

A life well spent, an honored age,
 A host of friends and kin,—
 What more can mortal heart desire,
 When night-time closes in?

So may you on this day be glad,
 And comrades with you, too,
 And we will hope the glass still holds
 Full many a grain for you.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE MAN WHO TOILS

I sing the praise of the man who toils,—
Who labors with physical might,—
Who wins his bread by the sweat of his brow,
And is honestly tired at night.

I saw such a one returned from his work,
He wore no oppressive coat,
His brawny arms were bronzed and bare,
And bare was his rugged throat.

He sat on the steps of his humble home,
In his heart there welled a song,
A cupid form sat astride his neck
And urged its steed along.

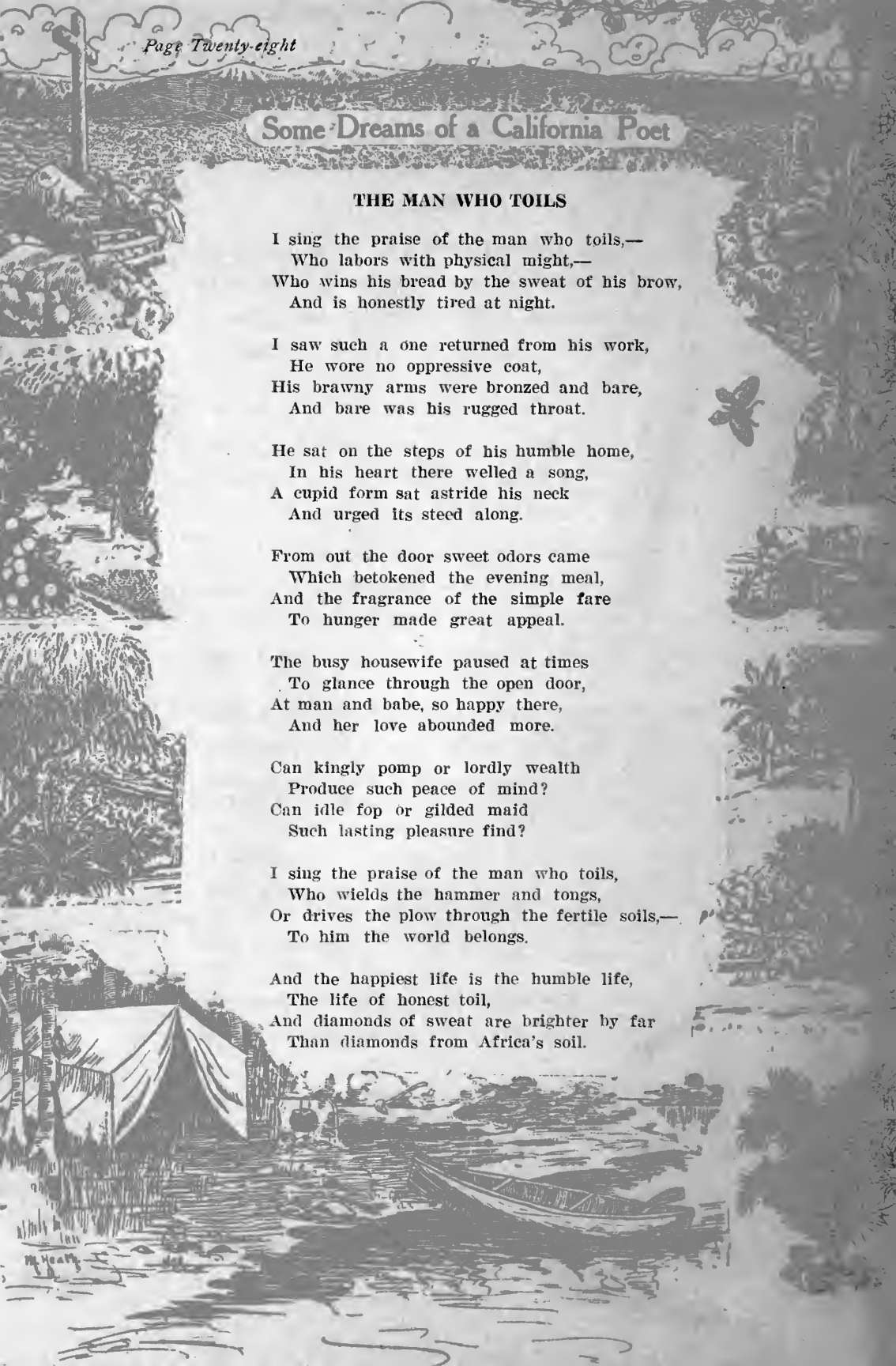
From out the door sweet odors came
Which betokened the evening meal,
And the fragrance of the simple fare
To hunger made great appeal.

The busy housewife paused at times
To glance through the open door,
At man and babe, so happy there,
And her love abounded more.

Can kingly pomp or lordly wealth
Produce such peace of mind?
Can idle fop or gilded maid
Such lasting pleasure find?

I sing the praise of the man who toils,
Who wields the hammer and tongs,
Or drives the plow through the fertile soils,—
To him the world belongs.

And the happiest life is the humble life,
The life of honest toil,
And diamonds of sweat are brighter by far
Than diamonds from Africa's soil.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

EUREKA

As the weary western traveler longs to see the "Prom-
ised Land,"
And his train toils ever upward through the never-ending
sand
Suddenly the scenes are shifted,—San Gregonio's gate is
passed,—
And the land of "song and story" greets his tired eyes
at last.

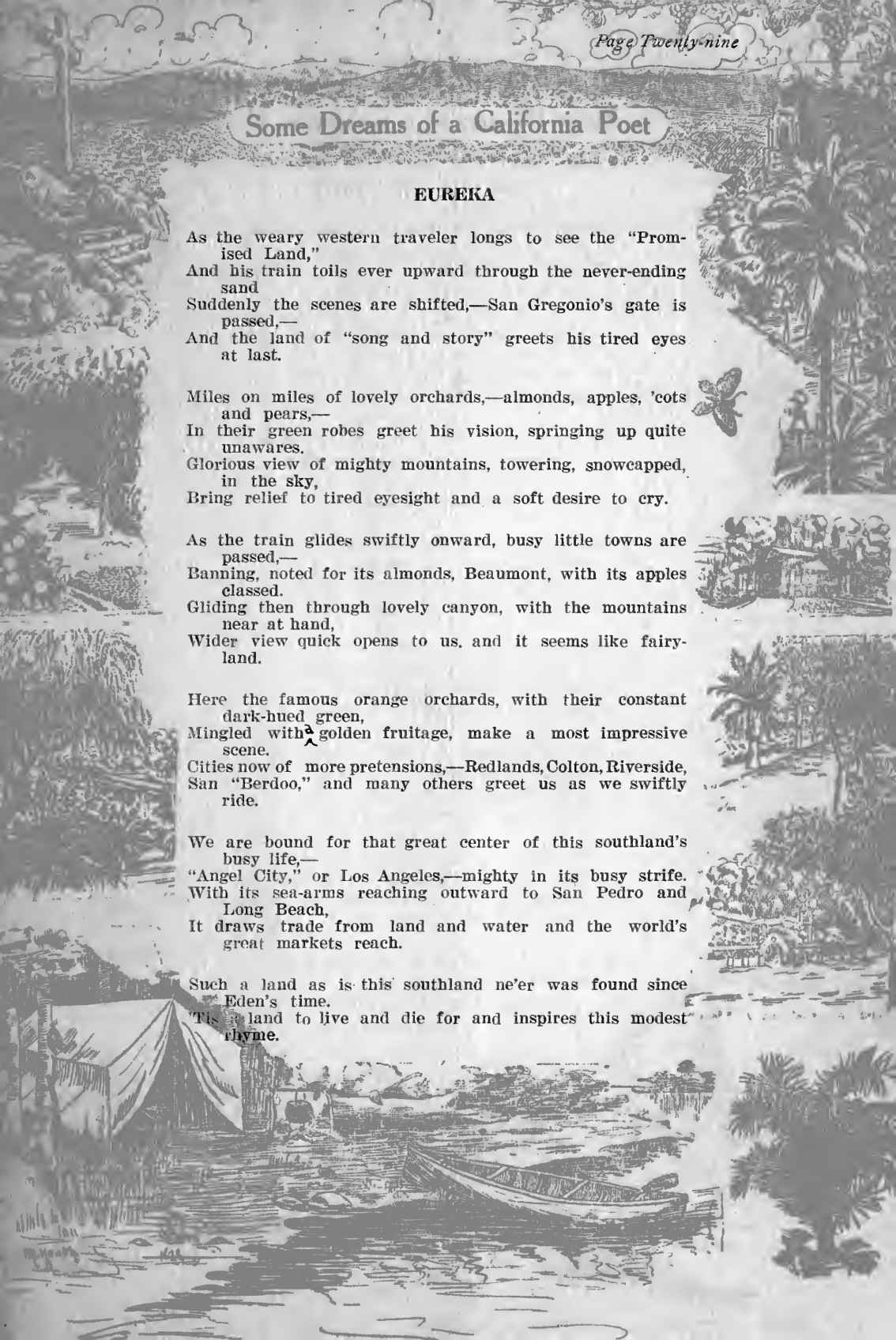
Miles on miles of lovely orchards,—almonds, apples, 'cots
and pears,—
In their green robes greet his vision, springing up quite
unawares.
Glorious view of mighty mountains, towering, snowcapped,
in the sky,
Bring relief to tired eyesight and a soft desire to cry.

As the train glides swiftly onward, busy little towns are
passed,—
Banning, noted for its almonds, Beaumont, with its apples
classed.
Gliding then through lovely canyon, with the mountains
near at hand,
Wider view quick opens to us, and it seems like fairy-
land.

Here the famous orange orchards, with their constant
dark-hued green,
Mingled with golden fruitage, make a most impressive
scene.
Cities now of more pretensions,—Redlands, Colton, Riverside,
San "Berdoo," and many others greet us as we swiftly
ride.

We are bound for that great center of this southland's
busy life,—
"Angel City," or Los Angeles,—mighty in its busy strife.
With its sea-arms reaching outward to San Pedro and
Long Beach,
It draws trade from land and water and the world's
great markets reach.

Such a land as is this southland ne'er was found since
Eden's time.
Tis a land to live and die for and inspires this modest
rhyme.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN"

—Solomon.

In days long ago a wise man once said, "There's nothing that's new."

His words I have read, and quite earnestly, too,
Have pondered and thought of this saying so strange.
I've sought for its meaning and tried to arrange
My thoughts in verse form, and this I now give you,
In fear and in trembling lest it not please you.
But please you or no, 'tis here for your reading,
Which I hope you will do, the critics not heeding.

We deem ourselves great, and our wisdom enhancing;
We gaze on the past from our height, downward glancing;
We preen our bright feathers with pride so unselfish (?)
(Humility truly is fleeting and elfish),
We stoutly maintain our age is more famed,
And wiser than any before have obtained.
Some critic quite small, but with infinite gall,
Arises and casts this stone at our wall:

What of Rome? What of Greece? What of Babylon great?
Assyria, Egypt, and others whose fate
Lies buried unknown in ages long past,
Whence history's voice no echo has cast
A-down the long eons of time intervening
To tell of their greatness, their hopes, and their
dreaming?"

But surely, we say, these cannot compare
With an age that gives man the mastery of the air.
We use flying wings, like the birds when they soar;
We delve in the sea 'neath the storm's angry roar;
And safely we travel the ocean depths through;
We speak leagues through air, and many things do
Which the "heathen" in all ages past,—ignorant clods,—
Would have thought could only be done by the gods.
"It ever was thus," our critic replies,
"Each age in its boasting all others decries,
And, candidly speaking, 'tis my firm belief
Your boasting's as vain as a wild savage chief.

You know not, nor wisdom of sage has not even guessed
The wonders that ages long buried possessed,
For Civilization, so called in this world,
Quite often from height to great depth has been hurled,—
The higher the mount, the greater the fall,—
Until savage force has blotted out all
Signs which a long distant future might read,
And perchance, though not likely, their lessons might heed.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

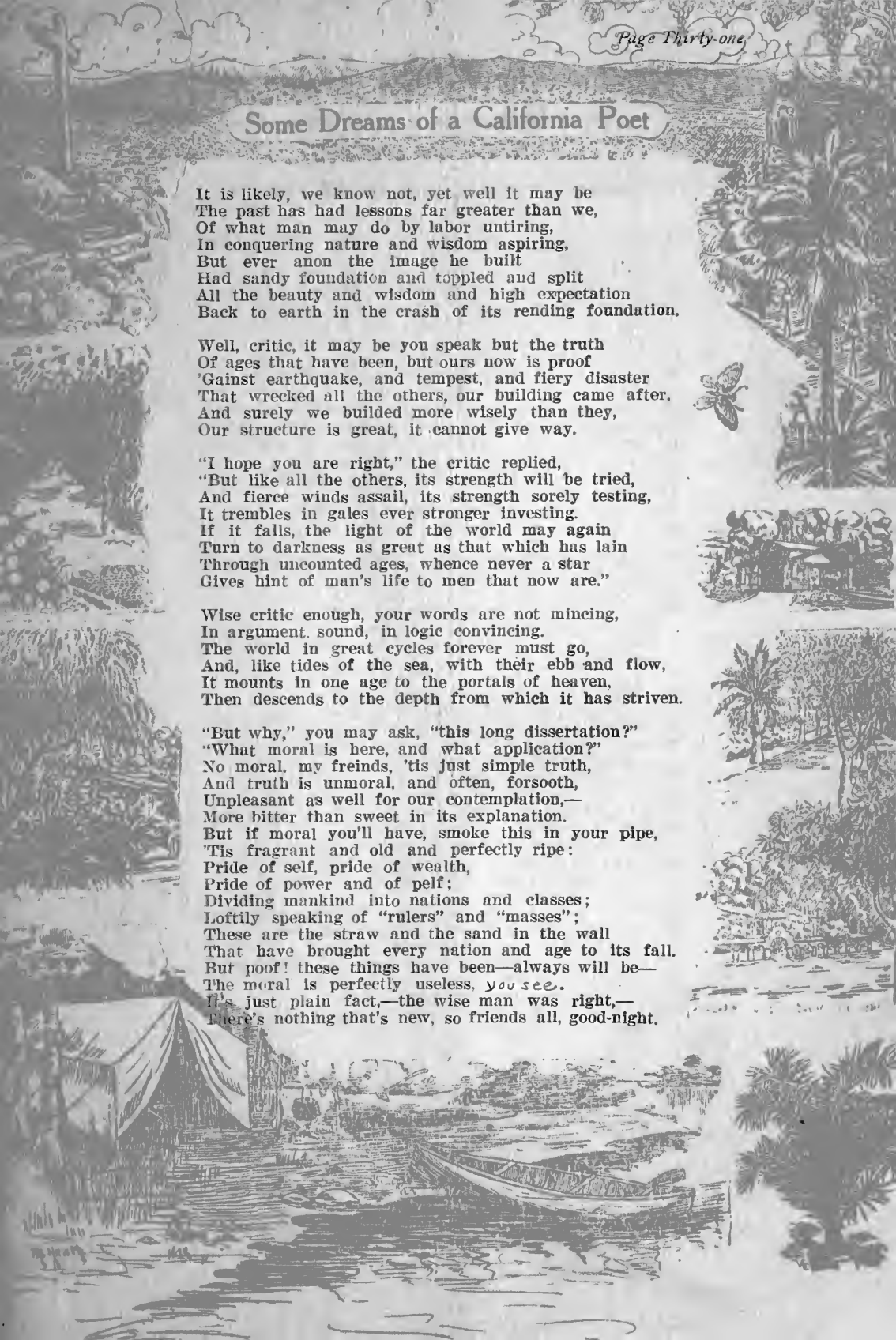
It is likely, we know not, yet well it may be
The past has had lessons far greater than we,
Of what man may do by labor untiring,
In conquering nature and wisdom aspiring,
But ever anon the image he built
Had sandy foundation and toppled and split
All the beauty and wisdom and high expectation
Back to earth in the crash of its rending foundation.

Well, critic, it may be you speak but the truth
Of ages that have been, but ours now is proof
'Gainst earthquake, and tempest, and fiery disaster
That wrecked all the others, our building came after.
And surely we builded more wisely than they,
Our structure is great, it cannot give way.

"I hope you are right," the critic replied,
"But like all the others, its strength will be tried,
And fierce winds assail, its strength sorely testing,
It trembles in gales ever stronger investing.
If it falls, the light of the world may again
Turn to darkness as great as that which has lain
Through uncounted ages, whence never a star
Gives hint of man's life to men that now are."

Wise critic enough, your words are not mincing,
In argument sound, in logic convincing.
The world in great cycles forever must go,
And, like tides of the sea, with their ebb and flow,
It mounts in one age to the portals of heaven,
Then descends to the depth from which it has striven.

"But why," you may ask, "this long dissertation?"
"What moral is here, and what application?"
No moral, my freinds, 'tis just simple truth,
And truth is unmoral, and often, forsooth,
Unpleasant as well for our contemplation,—
More bitter than sweet in its explanation.
But if moral you'll have, smoke this in your pipe,
'Tis fragrant and old and perfectly ripe:
Pride of self, pride of wealth,
Pride of power and of pelf;
Dividing mankind into nations and classes;
Loftily speaking of "rulers" and "masses";
These are the straw and the sand in the wall
That have brought every nation and age to its fall.
But poof! these things have been—always will be—
The moral is perfectly useless, *you see*.
It's just plain fact,—the wise man was right,—
There's nothing that's new, so friends all, good-night.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE LAST DAY

If today were the last on earth for me,
I would not cringe and cry and pray,
Like a wounded creature brought to bay,
Nor don white robes to fly away,
If today were the last on earth for me.
If today were the last on earth for me,
I'd lift my heart in joyful prayer
To the Maker and Ruler of earth and air,
And I'd thank Him for joys that are mine to share,
If today were the last on earth for me.
If today were the last on earth for me,
I'd like to help right a wrong,
To dry a tear, and start a song,
And live for others the whole day long,
If today were the last on earth for me.
If today were the last on earth for me,
And that day were nearing the setting sun,
I'd like for Christ to say, "Well done,
I've a larger task for you, my son,"
If today were the last on earth for me.

THERE SHALL BE PEACE

The heavens are dark with the portent of ill,
The earth seems to quake and cannot be still;
Like rumble of thunder, the cannon's deep roar,
Like flashings of lightning the rending shells soar;
The shrieks of the dying, the blood-spattered earth,
The moan of the widow, the child without mirth,—
Are these the best fruits that the ages can bear?
Are these Civilization? are these answered prayer?
Is all the slow progress of man through the years,
All things that are Godlike, all hoping that cheers,—
Are these all to vanish 'neath war's awful pall?
Will hell's desolation thus swallow up all?
We cannot conceive that thus it will be;
We believe that God lives and His glory we'll see;
We believe the shed blood of the Christ will avail
For the sins of mankind, though all else should fail;
We believe that from out this tumult and strife
A nobler manhood will spring into life.
It requires fierce heat to refine the world's gold,
'Tis only pure metal remains in God's mould.
When the dross of deceit and selfish desire
Are purged from mankind in God's testing fire,
A peace that is lasting and sweet may be ours,
A peace, clean and white as the lily's sweet flowers,
Where no man, nor cult, nor nation claims call,
But each shall acknowledge 'tis "God over all."

Some Dreams of a California Poet

DEMOCRACY

Strike off the shackles! Free the slaves!
Avaunt with lords and kings,
Who claim from God the heritage
That from the people springs.

"The war is on! Democracy!"
Cry out the world oppressed,
"We'll fight for right with all our might
Till victory crown our quest."

Unsheathe the sword! Put helmet on!
Let speak the mighty gun!
For freedom's cause is lost to all
Unless the battle's won.

No compromise! No half won prize
Will pay for blood that's spilled,
But liberty for all the world
Must come ere war is stilled.

Earth's kingdoms shake! Their proud kings quake!
And call for help in vain.
Their scepters fall, and over all
Democracy shall reign.

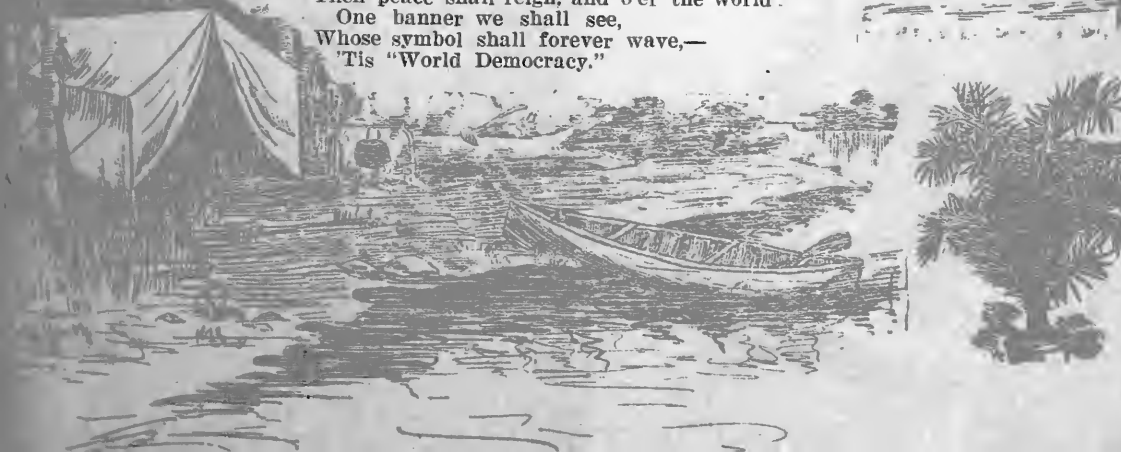
Fight on, ye brave, nor fear the knave
Who would your might withstand!
Fight on, till ocean's deep shall lave
On every shore Free Land!

Fight on, till lords of wealth shall bow
Before your trenchant steel,
And little children shall not starve,
Crushed 'neath a tyrant's heel.

Till man shall see in fellow-man
A brother and a friend,
And seek to aid and not destroy,—
To love and not offend.

Till hands shall stretch 'cross every sea
And clasp from land to land,
And envy, hate and jealousy
No longer shall command.

Then peace shall reign, and o'er the world
One banner we shall see,
Whose symbol shall forever wave,—
'Tis "World Democracy."



Some Dreams of a California Poet

SUNSET THOUGHTS

I saw the sun in rose-red splendor like a ball of molten gold,
Sink beneath the western ocean, all its fabled wealth untold.
I saw the after-glow, with beauty, light the somber western sky
With such colors none ere painted, though a few essay to try.

Slowly then the gray mists darkened,—crimson, gold, and purple hue
Lost their radiance, and the darkness quickly hid them all from view.
So our golden hopes and longings oft are lost ere we surmise;
Let us grasp them, make them ours, ere they sink, no more to rise.

BUENA VISTA

East by north from Riverside a rugged hill uprears,—
An arm thrown out from higher range that farther east appears.
I oft have climbed this rock-strewn hill, and from its modest height
Have viewed the valley, stretching far,—a most entrancing sight.
Flanking close about the base, and reaching out for miles,
The orange orchard's green and gold reflect kind nature's smiles.
Northward, near a mile, is seen a busy little mart,
Where railroad trains are puffing round, impatient for a start.
This is the town of Highgrove, where the golden fruit is packed,
Which makes the "Gold at rainbow's end" a satisfying fact.
Still farther north the orange groves give place to other crops,
Until a sharp decline is reached, where vegetation stops.
Here, winding like a silver thread, through softly luminous sand,
The Santa Ana river runs,—the life of all the land.
High in the mountains, where the snow lies in perennial shrouds,

Some Dreams of a California Poet

This never-falling water-course has birth amongst the clouds.

Its liquid life is carried far, across the fertile plains,
And brings delight to thirsty lands, more sure than God's own rains.

And where, in times ago, there stretched an arid treeless waste,

The deep-hued green of fruit-filled trees has now this loss replaced.

Still further north, beyond the stream, the town of Colton lies,

And farther still, a mountain range towers upward to the skies.

Upon the face of this great range God has a wonder lain,—
An Arrow Head, of monstrous size, points downward to the plain.

Full many legends cluster round this mammoth pointing dart,

And near its base, in smoking caves, hot springs of water start.

San Bernardino City lies quite near this awesome place,
And prospers much, no doubt, from fame we to this source can trace.

Now, turning eyes toward the west, a similar view obtains,
With orange orchards, river plain, and distant mountain chains.

The Santa Ana, sweeping round in majestic curve,
Is hidden by Mount Rubidoux, where Easter votaries serve.

Again I turn my eyes, this time to south by west,—
A more entrancing view now greets than e'en before has blest.

Here Riverside, the beautiful, in tree-enshrouded haze,
Lifts spire of church and temple rare to my enraptured gaze.

This little city, noted far for beauty, art and song,
Seems, to the homesick heart, a place desired and sought for long.

If I should tell but half the things which fragrant memories hold

Of this dear place, whose charm and worth are greater far than gold,

You'd scarce believe, and so to prove that I am speaking true,

Come visit her and feel her charm, she opes her arms to you.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

UNITED WE STAND

The east and the west,
The north and the south,
Marched forth at the word of command;
At the call of the right
They arose in their might
To rescue the poor of the land.

The east and the west,
The north and the south,
With banners and jesting and song;
The khaki-clad youth
In the cause of the truth,
Sprang forward five million strong,
The seas were bridged o'er,
From shore unto shore,
With transports of men and supplies;
The skies were quite filled
With air-men much skilled,
And the foe looked on in surprise.

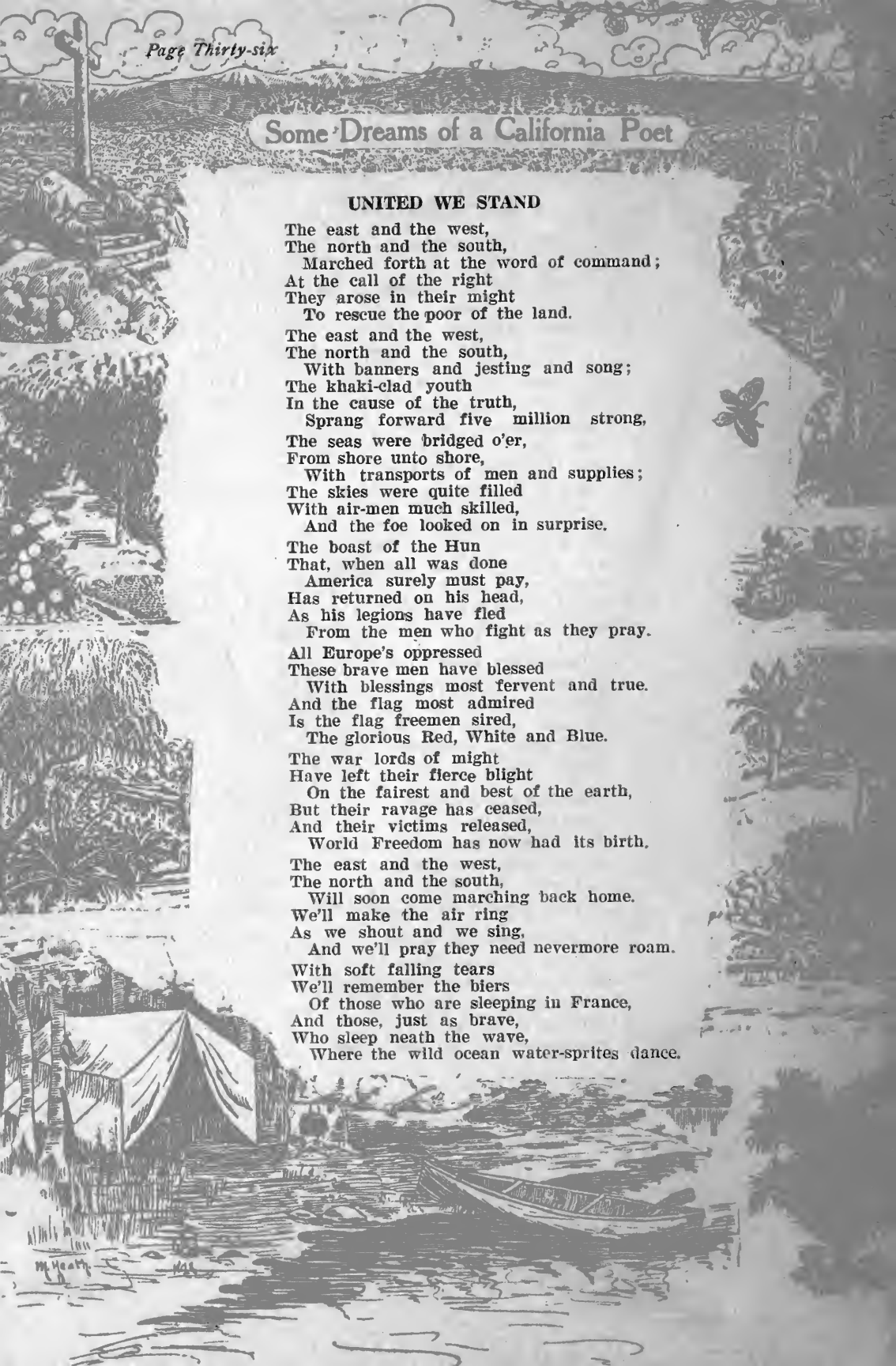
The boast of the Hun
That, when all was done
America surely must pay,
Has returned on his head,
As his legions have fled
From the men who fight as they pray.

All Europe's oppressed
These brave men have blessed
With blessings most fervent and true.
And the flag most admired
Is the flag freemen sired,
The glorious Red, White and Blue.

The war lords of might
Have left their fierce blight
On the fairest and best of the earth,
But their ravage has ceased,
And their victims released,
World Freedom has now had its birth.

The east and the west,
The north and the south,
Will soon come marching back home.
We'll make the air ring
As we shout and we sing,
And we'll pray they need nevermore roam.

With soft falling tears
We'll remember the biers
Of those who are sleeping in France,
And those, just as brave,
Who sleep neath the wave,
Where the wild ocean water-sprites dance.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

A SAD EXPERIENCE

A sickness o'ertook me,
A trembling shook me,
I thought I was going to die.
I sent for a doctor,—
A bland "Osteoper,"
Who lived in the block near by.

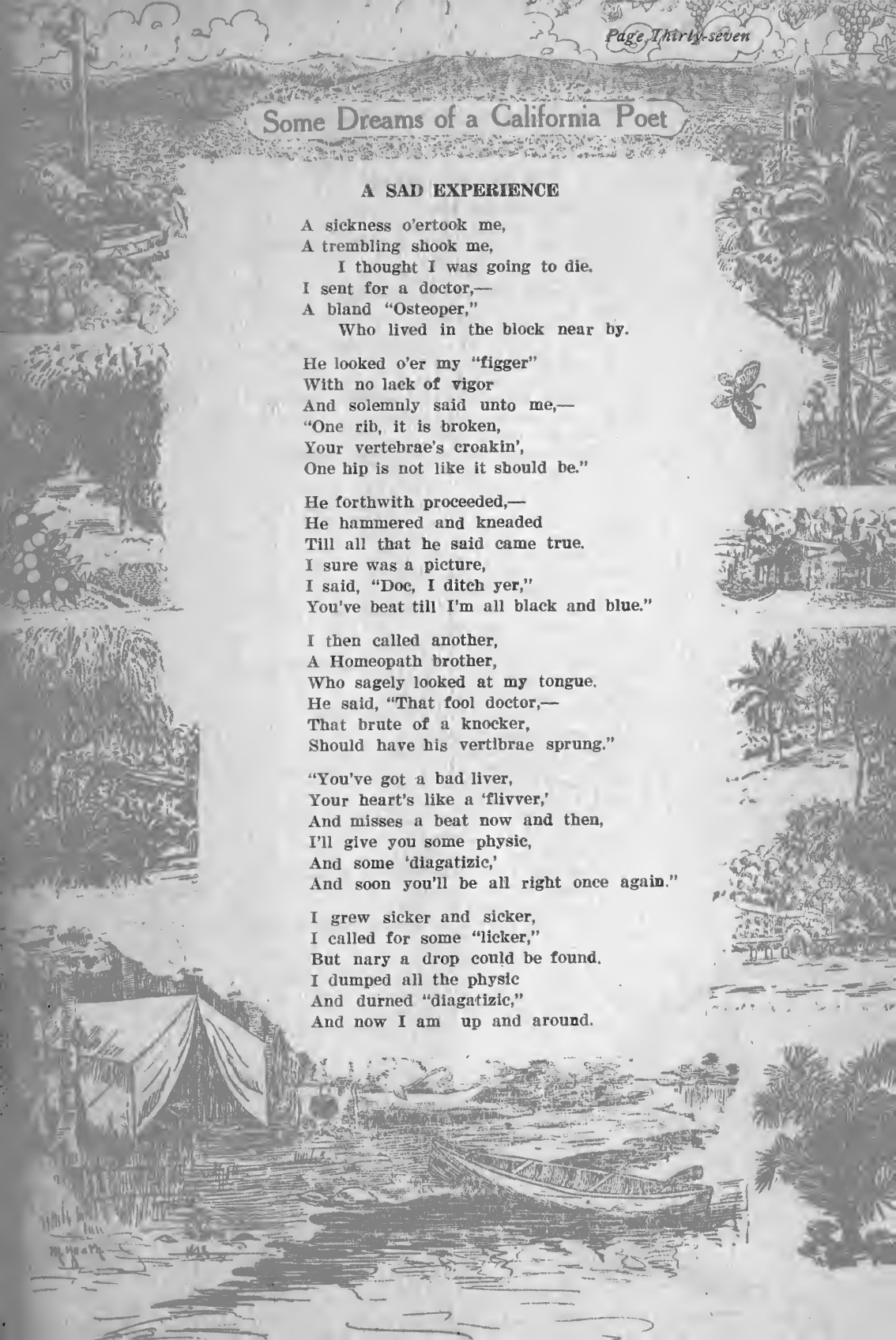
He looked o'er my "figger"
With no lack of vigor
And solemnly said unto me,—
"One rib, it is broken,
Your vertebrae's croakin',
One hip is not like it should be."

He forthwith proceeded,—
He hammered and kneaded
Till all that he said came true.
I sure was a picture,
I said, "Doc, I ditch yer,"
You've beat till I'm all black and blue."

I then called another,
A Homeopath brother,
Who sagely looked at my tongue.
He said, "That fool doctor,—
That brute of a knocker,
Should have his vertibrae sprung."

"You've got a bad liver,
Your heart's like a 'flivver,'
And misses a beat now and then,
I'll give you some physic,
And some 'diagatzic,'
And soon you'll be all right once again."

I grew sicker and sicker,
I called for some "licker,"
But nary a drop could be found.
I dumped all the physic
And durned "diagatzic,"
And now I am up and around.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE KAISERLESS KAISER

"A kaiserless kaiser and six little sons
Desire a good home," so the ad runs.
"In some quiet spot and salubrious clime,
Where they're privileged to stay for some little time."

The kaiserless kaiser and six little sons
Have been rudely treated, and even called "Huns"!
Their nerves are quite shattered by what they've endured,
They seek now a place where their ills may be cured.

If you know of some place where the rent is not large,
And the landlord is gracious, and willing to "charge,"
Just drop us a line, all on the Q. T.,
And a kaiserless kaiser soon you may see.

The kaiserless kaiser must have a good cook,
But no Chinese will do, put that in your book;
Celestial cooks can make mighty fine mince,
But they always call Frederick the "Royal Clown Pince."
And that, for some reason, makes Frederick mad.
Though all must agree the title's not bad,

When the kaiserless kaiser was kaiser for sure,
He never e'en dreamed what he must now endure;
He had a great scheme for the good (?) of mankind,
But the whole world was rude, and its people unkind.

Instead of accepting his "kultur" and sons
To rule all the earth, they called them the "Huns,"
And told them quite plainly where to "head in,"
Which the kaiser has done with much of chagrin.

And now his own people refuse to "kow-tow,"
And he's out of a job, he scarce can tell how.
So the kaiserless kaiser is seeking a home
For himself and six sons, where they need no more roam.

Responses are coming on most every mail
A few I will give and shorten my tale.
France has suggested a charming Bastille,
While Belgium, more rude, would their death warrants
seal.

England, determined not to be outdone,
Suggests a long stay in the Tower of London;
While Italy, Greece, and our own "Uncle Sam,"
Each have suggestions which begin with a d—
And now my own thought I'm determined to tell—
I believe the whole bunch should be sent straight to h—l.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

BIRD PHILOSOPHY

Thrilling and warbling and singing in glee,
The Robin is perched in the old apple tree.
The leaves are not started, the earth is still bare,
And a sharp twinge of frost is still felt in the air,
But careless and free and happy is he,
With no thought of tomorrow or what is to be,
Just happy, just happy, just happy is he.

My life has been burdened with sorrow and care,
I've borrowed much trouble, I've learned to despair,
O why should this be with you and with me,
When Robin's so happy and from all care is free?
His God is my God, it surely must be,
If He cares for the Robin He cares, too, for me,
O Robin, I would be happy like thee!

O Robin, dear Robin, the cold night may come,
And chill you and freeze you quite stark and quite numb,
But never a fear has that brave heart of thine,
So, never a worry should ever be mine.
In this we'll agree, just you and just me,
We'll keep on a-singing as gay as can be,
Regardless of what tomorrow may see.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF "GRANDPA" ALLEN, OF HIGHGROVE, CALIFORNIA

When "Grandpa" Allen passed away
The little children ceased their play,
And mourned with elders on that day,
When "Grandpa" Allen passed away.

When Comrade Allen mustered out
The "Old Boys" marched the solemn route,
In love they strewed their flowers about,
When "Comrade" Allen mustered out.

~~are seen,~~
When "Father" Allen went to sleep,
His children o'er his grave did weep,
And children's children memories keep,
When "Father" Allen went to sleep.

May this be said of you and me
When comes the time to cross death's sea,—
"Thy heart was kind, we all loved thee,"—
May this be said of you and me.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE GARDEN OF LIFE

'Tis a wonderful garden, the garden of life,
Though many find it so bare,
The scent of the flowers and the lifegiving showers
Is ever abroad in the air.

There are beautiful flowers in the garden of life,
And they nestle secure from view
Of the jostling throng that hastens along,
With no object except to get through.

If we will seach in the garden of life
Away from the madd'ning rush,
We will find these flowers in beautiful bowers
Where the feet of the throng cannot crush.

There are Lillies of Hope in the garden of life,
And Roses of Love, sweet and pure,
There are Pansies of Joy no power can alloy,
And Violets of Faith, strong and sure.

There are rough, hilly paths in the garden of life,
But surely we ought not to complain,
The harder the climb, the view more sublime,
When the summit at last we attain.

THE MEANEST MAN

"I'll buy no bonds," he said to himself,
"While others buy, I'll hoard all my wealth.
If I become rich, I must stifle my heart,
That rule I'll make plain from the very first start."

"There's neighbor Tom Jones,—three boys in the war,—
He'd mortgage his soul if he thought it called for,
To back up those boys till the war is all through;
I've a bright idea what I shall do.

"I'll loan neighbor Jones a nice little sum
On his house and his lot, the interest will come
To double the interest his bonds will bring him,
The chance of his paying will prove very slim.

"The times are right good for chances like this,
I'll keep wide awake, and not many miss.
If the war should continue the next year or two,
I'll have a nice income ere it is through."

Such traitors deserve the same fate as the Hun,
They should all be shown up to the light of the sun,
And, wherever found, their wealth should be taken,
In stripes and dishonor let them awaken.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

REVERY

Another autumn leaf has loosed its hold
And fluttered softly down,
The years speed by in swift review,
And gray my temple's crown.
It seems but yesterday to me
When life was young and gay,
And eons long the time was then
Until my next birthday.

The grade was ever upward then,
I journeyed with a song,
The sun shone bright, the birds were gay,
And life seemed very long.
The morning air was cool and clear
And dew was on the grass,
The way was steep, but strength of limb
Made tiring quickly pass.

And as I climbed the rugged steep,
The glorious view enhanced,
And ever wider, fairer fields,
My eager eyes entranced.
Ambition stirred with its touch,
And hope was very strong,
The love of home, and friends, and land,
Fast urged my steps along.

But quickly, ah, too quickly came,
The summit of the hill,
And sweeping up from western seas
The wind felt dank and chill.
A-down the slope I travel now,
And swifter grows my pace,
A year is but a span that ends
Ere it has found a place.

I soon shall reach the western sea,
Where rays of setting sun
Send golden beams of softened light
Where ends my earthly run.
Quite gladly will I then embark
Upon the ocean's breast,
And calmly lay me down to sleep,
Secure, in perfect rest.

Shall I awake in other land
Beyond the sunlit sea?
I cannot doubt, the Christ has proved
That such shall truly be.
So humbly, and with happy heart,
I wait the crossing time,
This world is good, but over there
Twill surely be sublime.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

HATS OFF TO THE OLD VETS

I saw them march through the thronging street,
Old and bent and with halting feet,
Wearing the blue and wearing the gray,
The same as they wore on that fierce, dark day
When they fought each other in deadly fray.

Today they march in brotherly ranks,
And the blue and the gray alike give thanks
That the flag which flies above the two
Is the flag of the union—Red, White, and Blue,
And to its allegiance they all are true.

The flowers they carry with them today
Will deck alike the blue and gray,
And memory's cup will overflow
As they talk of the war of long ago,
And how Comrade B did thus and so.

Too soon the ranks of this little band
Will march no more in this fair, free land,
But their works have left a priceless sum,
A heritage true for ages to come,
That will speak for them though their lips be dumb.

Their children's children are now in the ranks,
Under the flag for which they give thanks.
Over their legions its soft folds lie
As they march to answer humanity's cry,
And 'neath its folds they will do or die.

Ravished Belgium, and bleeding France;
Sturdy England, with broken lance;
Fighting with backs against the wall
Where freedom's cause seems about to fall,
Take hope when they hear America's call.

In the strength of youth, to heritage true,
United and strong, as none ever knew,
They pour forth their legions and treasures of gold,
In unselfish devotion we're glad to behold,
And the Hun shall not gather the spoils to his fold.

And nations now bless these old veterans true,
Who fought the great fight 'neath the Red, White and Blue.
That preserved this great nation, with strength now to
fight

In the cause of the free against the great blight
Of a power that enslaves by a fierce, cruel might.

Hats off to the "Old Vets" now marching past,
And give them a cheer, it may be the last,
And scatter sweet flowers on the graves of their dead,
Let honor and peace their bright pinons spread
Over the heads of these heroes who for us have bled.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

AN EASTER SHOWER

Softly now the rain is falling,
Like the tread of baby feet,
Gently now its voice is calling
To the grass and flowers asleep,—

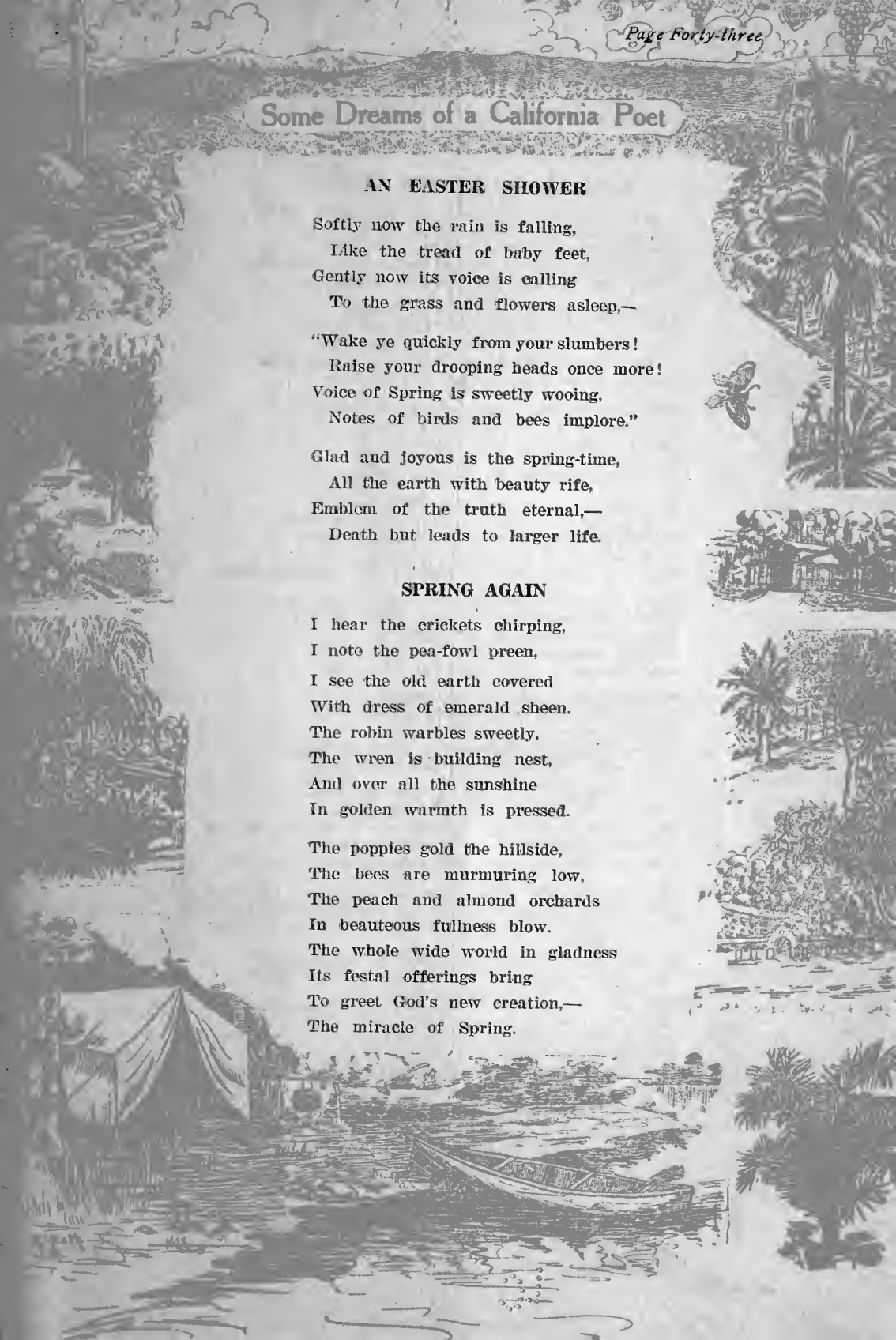
“Wake ye quickly from your slumbers!
Raise your drooping heads once more!
Voice of Spring is sweetly wooing,
Notes of birds and bees implore.”

Glad and joyous is the spring-time,
All the earth with beauty rife,
Emblem of the truth eternal,—
Death but leads to larger life.

SPRING AGAIN

I hear the crickets chirping,
I note the pea-fowl preen,
I see the old earth covered
With dress of emerald sheen.
The robin warbles sweetly,
The wren is building nest,
And over all the sunshine
In golden warmth is pressed.

The poppies gold the hillside,
The bees are murmuring low,
The peach and almond orchards
In beauteous fullness blow.
The whole wide world in gladness
Its festal offerings bring
To greet God's new creation,—
The miracle of Spring.



Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE HEROES OF CARRIZAL

Our hearts have thrilled with the stories told
Of the charge of the Light Brigade,
Of Sheridan's ride, and Custer's band,
And the valor they displayed;
But today we talk with bated breath
Of the Mexican Chaparral,
And honor the men whose bones lie there,—
The heroes of Carrizal.

For these men fought as brave men fight,
They died as brave men die,
Beneath the sun in a torrid clime
Their bones now bleaching lie.
Some were white, and some were black,
But all were white of soul,
And their names are writ in warm, red blood
On our nation's honor roll.

Decoyed and trapped by a treacherous foe,
In a so-called friendly land,
They fought 'gainst odds a hundred to one,
This gallant little band,
And many a foeman bit the dust,
And many a gun was stilled,
And the battle they fought on that fateful day
The nation's heart has thrilled.

And the flag they bathed in martyr's blood,—
The grand Red, White and Blue,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the land
They died to make anew,
And in its wake shall blessings flow,
And peace and plenty reign
Where war, and hate, and famine guant,
Have many thousands slain.

O give me a grave with these soldiers true,
With bones in the burning sun,
Rather than tomb with a marble front
And no service to mankind done!
All honor then to those who lie
Beneath the Chaparral,
On Mexico's soil for freedom's cause,—
The heroes of Carrizal.

Some Dreams of a California Poet

AN EASTER PRAYER

Our risen Lord, this Easter morn,
We lift our prayers to thee.
From sins and sorrows we have borne,
We ask thee to be free

O grant us now thy mercy Lord,
Of worth, we've none to claim,
For blessings from thy giving hand,
Or honor in thy name.

But mercy, gracious Lord, is thine,
And thou dost freely give
To thirsty lips the draught of life,
And drinking thus, we live.

O God, we've wandered far from thee!
The earth is racked with pain
Our every breath is misery
And hate hath thousands slain

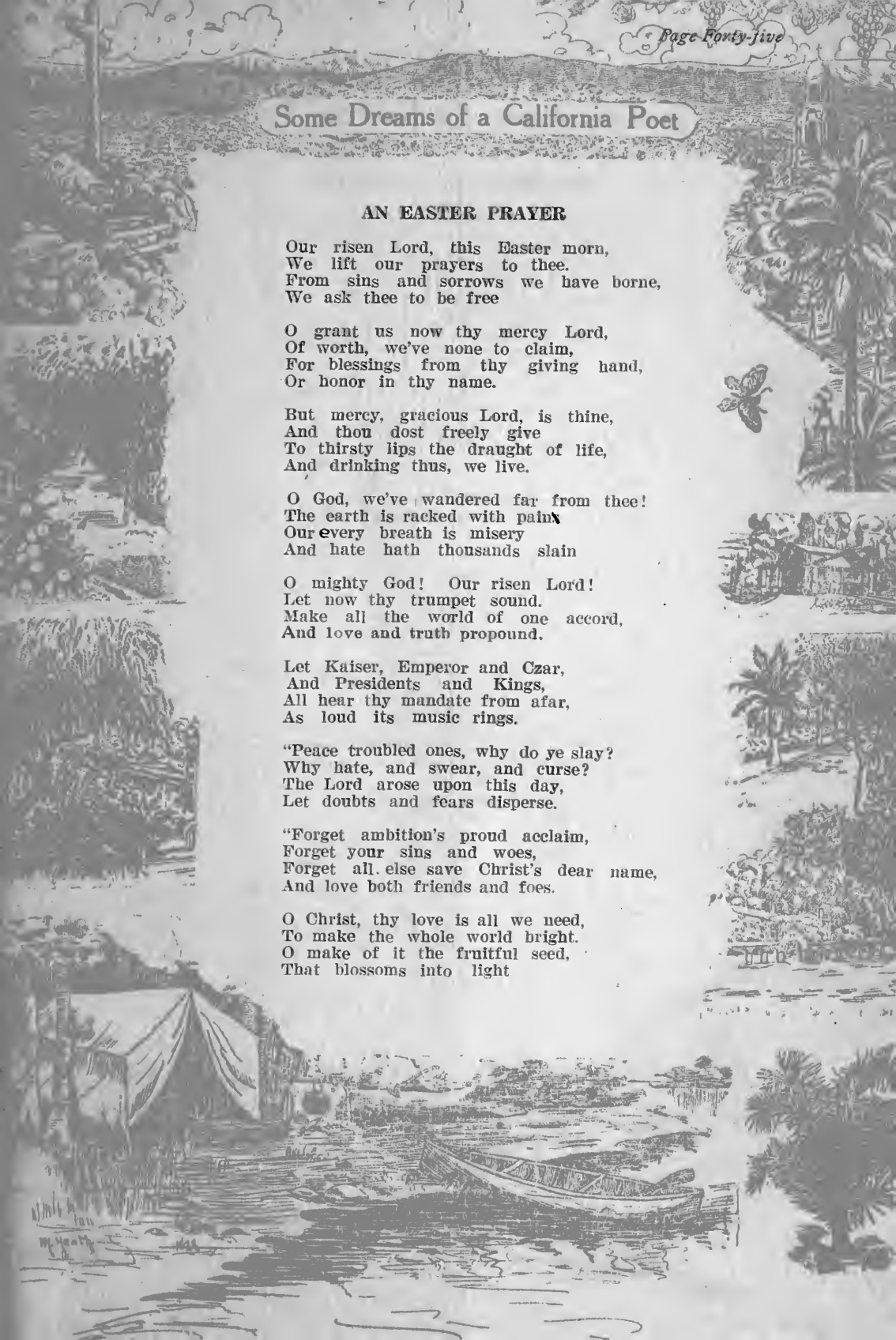
O mighty God! Our risen Lord!
Let now thy trumpet sound.
Make all the world of one accord,
And love and truth propound.

Let Kaiser, Emperor and Czar,
And Presidents and Kings,
All hear thy mandate from afar,
As loud its music rings.

"Peace troubled ones, why do ye slay?
Why hate, and swear, and curse?
The Lord arose upon this day,
Let doubts and fears disperse.

"Forget ambition's proud acclaim,
Forget your sins and woes,
Forget all else save Christ's dear name,
And love both friends and foes.

O Christ, thy love is all we need,
To make the whole world bright.
O make of it the fruitful seed,
That blossoms into light



Some Dreams of a California Poet

THE MYSTERY LAND

I go on a journey mother,
Not far it is I know,
For all of us live on the border land
Of the country where I go.
But a strange thing 'bout this country,
Where so many we knew have passed—
There are none return to tell us
Of the home they've reached at last

It must be a beautiful country,
And a place divinely blest,
Where the spirit, free from the aching clay,
Can revel in painless rest.
Where no limits of space confine us
And the universe is our home,
We may visit the spheres of the limitless skies,
Where'er our thoughts may roam.

But I think that oft, dear mother,
When I've passed to that mystic land,
I'll linger near to this sad old earth
And lend you a comforting hand
And if in your dreams, dear mother,
You feel a caressing touch
On your tired brow and care-worn cheek,
'Twill be one who loves you much.

He will gladly lighten your burden
If he can have power so to do,
And he'll welcome you, oh, so gladly,
When your sorrowing time is through.
Then we'll soar through endless ages,
In realms of perfect bliss,
And we'll learn up there the meaning
Of the trials we have in this.

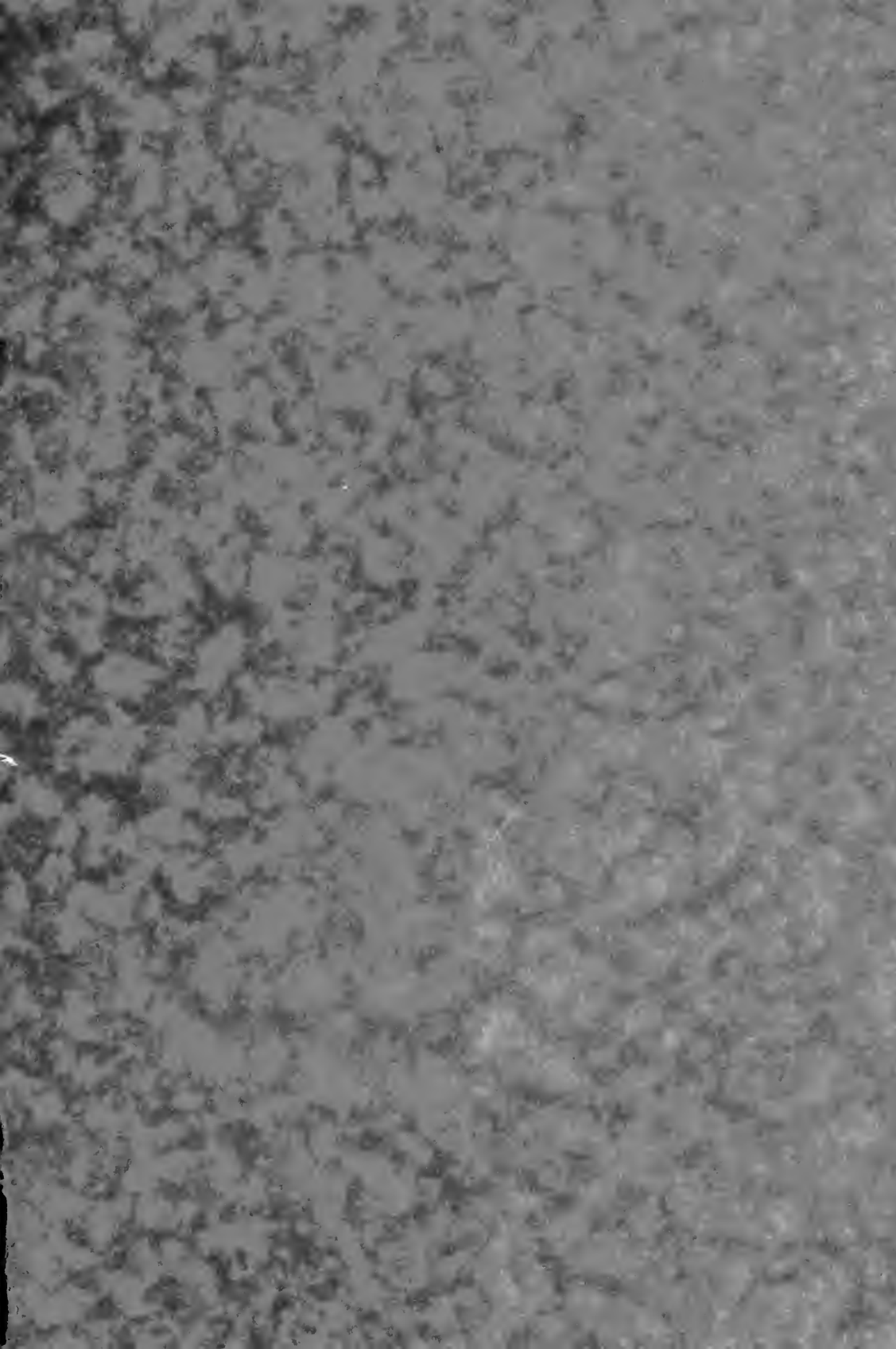
Some Dreams of a California Poet



OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

I love my country's flag,—
 The crimson bars of it
 Are heart's blood spilt for it.
 The clean pure white of it
 Is our stainless pride in it.
 The azure blue of it
 Is the steadfast strength of it.
 The clustered stars of it
 Are statehood's faith in it.

God bless our nation's flag!
 Let no man dare to sneer at it,
 Let no man mar the hue of it,
 Let no man place more red in it,
 Nor none increase the white of it,
 Forever let the folds of it
 Float o'er a nation worthy it,
 And may our children's love for it
 Be greater than our own.



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